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LITERATURE.

History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649.
By S. R. Gardiner. Vol. I.—1642-1644.
(Longmans.)

I do not pretend, in any proper sense, to review this work. Only a specialist of the age of Charles I. could pronounce an authoritative opinion on Mr. Gardiner's investigations. Mr. Gardiner is a historian in the strictest and simplest sense of the word: neither a historical philosopher nor a historical artist, but a historian. The pretension of his book is not to be original, or to be eloquent, but to be true. Upon such a pretension judgment can only be passed by one who has examined the evidence almost as completely as Mr. Gardiner himself.

But it may be thought well that important works by important historians should receive, while they await the critical estimate which can scarcely be formed at once, something in the nature of a formal welcome. The first and greatest virtue of a historian is to be serious; but as this virtue, like other great virtues, is very coldly regarded by the public, the friends of history are the more bound to do justice to it. Few living writers have rendered a greater or more difficult public service than the man who has rescued the reign of Charles I. from the fate to which, in England especially, very important matters of study are always exposed—that of falling a helpless prey to party passion. He has done this in the best possible way by drawing out of the original authorities the plain tale of what actually happened. But he has needed, and he has displayed, a rare tenacity in resisting the popular taste, which looks in history either for arguments to throw at a political adversary, or else for the strongly-marked characters and thrilling incidents of the drama.

What is meant by seriousness in history may easily be illustrated from this volume. Covering the years 1642-3-4, it dismisses three of the most famous names of that famous age. Mr. Gardiner has now said all he has to say of Pym, Hampden, and Falkland, as in his former volume he closed his account of Strafford. Probably when he formed his design he hoped to make these figures stand out from the canvas more strikingly than former historians had done. Deeper research, perhaps he hoped, would yield more information, from which explanation of what was doubtful and interesting details could be drawn. It must be confessed that this result has not followed; and Mr. Gardiner scarcely conceals the disappointment he himself feels, at least in the cases of Pym and Hampden. He is probably prepared to hear the blame laid on himself, to be told that

he has so little imagination that no amount of research enables him to draw a character distinctly or vividly. The truth simply is that he is serious, and that serious investigation must often lead to negative results, and rarely, perhaps, produces anything so satisfactory to the imagination as the imagination can furnish to itself. At least in this particular period the fact seems to be so. The events are great and memorable; and we instinctively seek to place the characters on a level with the events. Poetic associations have therefore gathered round these names—Strafford, Pym, Hampden, and Falkland. This sort of halo may be expected to grow a little fainter under the daylight of investigation, but it does so in an unexpected degree. It is true that no one of these four men altogether fails to bear examination. Strafford, indeed, has gained considerably by it; Falkland has perhaps lost nothing but a certain ideal air, which was manifestly due only to Clarendon's partial rhetoric; but Pym, and still more Hampden, dwindle under Mr. Gardiner's treatment. He seems to find them somewhat less important than he expected. Of Pym he writes, "It is hard, from such record of the parliamentary debates as remains to us, to recognise him as a leader at all;" and in dismissing him he remarks that "Pym had not created the parliamentary party, neither was his help needed to sustain it." As to Hampden, he may be almost said to disappear, as William Tell disappears from the historical account of the liberation of the Cantons. Mr. Gardiner, indeed, believes Hampden to have had the virtues for which we give him credit, to have been "thoroughly loyal and patriotic, without even the infirmity of ambition." He believes this on the testimony, as he says, of friend and foe alike. Nevertheless, Hampden's name scarcely ever occurs in his narrative. Not only did Hampden achieve nothing in the field, "won no battles and reduced no fortresses"; but also he achieved little in Parliament, where he "seldom spoke, and never at any length." On the whole, "it was so little Hampden's habit to put himself forward in political life that the historian is apt to ask himself whether, after all, he deserved the fame which has crowned him."

After interesting characters and incidents the public desire to have definite and trenchant political conclusions. Here again Mr. Gardiner does not gratify them. He is neither a Royalist nor a Roundhead, neither an Episcopalian nor a Puritan. Nothing, in fact, can be more severe than the condemnation which, in his former work, he passed on both parties. "Failure, and it must be confessed deserved failure, was the result of Pym's leadership. Failure, and equally deserved failure, would have been the result of the leadership of Hyde." Not that he is content simply to condemn both parties, not that he is wanting in serious sympathy, or that he leaves his story without a moral. Frequently he pauses in his narrative to point out what lesson the facts suggest. His story has a moral, which is weighty enough, but it is not one which is likely to take a strong hold of the reader's mind. It may be expressed thus:—Puritanism is not to be extolled, either in the fashion of Carlyle or in the more moderate tone of Macaulay and Forster. It is narrow, some-

what unlovely, not perhaps clearly superior to the rival system. The Puritan party neither succeeded nor deserved to succeed. For the problem of their time the true solution lay in religious toleration and cabinet government; and they missed this solution. Nevertheless, on the average, this party is to be preferred to the party which opposed it; and their active religious earnestness, when all abatements have been made, must be considered noble, honourable to the nation, and presumably beneficial, though it may be difficult to name the precise benefits we owe to it." A judgment so very carefully balanced, it may be feared, will leave the reader cold. But then history is not written for the convenience of political parties.

In short, Mr. Gardiner does not encourage the dream that haunted the English mind through the first half of this century—the dream of a grand epic narrative, a sort of Iliad of English history, at the same time sublime and moral, of which Charles I., Strafford, Pym, Hampden, Falkland, and Cromwell, should be the heroes. It is evident that he entirely repudiates not only the party view of that period, but also the poetical view. He rejects alike the rhetoric of Macaulay and the poetry of Carlyle. He replaces their poetry by prose, and tells with scrupulous exactness a story which leaves us somewhat bewildered and rather saddened than animated. For Mr. Gardiner is serious.

At the same time we are to remember that, though a thoughtful writer, incapable of writing a sentence which does not deserve respectful attention, he is yet an investigator rather than a thinker. His reflections on the period of Charles I. are presented with perfect modesty. It is thus that the facts strike him when for a moment he rests from the laborious investigation by which he has ascertained them. Deeper, more interesting reflections might perhaps occur to a mind less preoccupied with the details of investigation, and disposed rather to weigh, compare, and systematise the results of history than to add to the stock of results by original research. Perhaps when the right point of view has been found, something like what Carlyle aimed at will be accomplished in another way. It may become possible to marshal the facts in a grand order and to make great truths shine out of them, though certainly not by the crude device of hero-worship, and still less by misrepresentation.

This volume is concerned not much with political, but chiefly with military and strategical, questions. It covers the first period of the war, and relates how the king, who had been thought to be almost without resource, and had been expected, as we may say, to "go to Runnymede," was able to form a party and to raise an army; how his troops proved better and his strategy better than those of the Parliament, and yet not good enough to decide the war; the vicissitudes of a war in which discipline, military knowledge, and military machinery were wanting on both sides; the campaign of 1642, Edgehill and Turnham Green; that of 1643, Chalgrove Field, Roundway Down, the relief of Gloucester, and the first battle of Newbury; the Irish cessation and the Solemn League and Covenant; the growth of Independency; the campaign of 1644, the appearance of the

Scots, the Committee of Both Kingdoms, the campaign in Yorkshire and battle of Marston Moor, the expedition of Essex into the west and the surrender of Lostwithiel, the second battle of Newbury, and the second entry of the king into Oxford. The volume brings us within sight of the New Model. Taken by itself it yields a very distinct moral. It shows how the parliamentary party found themselves engaged in an undertaking they had never contemplated—a formal civil war; how in this undertaking they could not succeed except by the complete sacrifice of the very thing they had taken up arms to defend—namely, the English Constitution—for they needed a thoroughly organised army, and such an army the Constitution could not in those circumstances bear.

Mr. Gardiner has felt the difficulty of fully describing a war without special military knowledge. No doubt, however, it was a war in which the conditions assumed in military science—i.e., an established government and a professional army—were wanting on both sides. He is also constrained to confess that he "cannot describe battles which he has not seen as if he had"; but very characteristically he fears, not that his descriptions are not vivid enough, but that they are too vivid, that he "has often given to his narrative the appearance of greater accuracy than is attainable." His readers, he says, "must supply a chorus of doubt." But, in spite of these difficulties, and of the chaotic nature of the subject itself, he thinks himself able to trace the strategical ideas which were adopted in succession on the side of the king. At the outset the plan, he says, was to deal a mortal blow at the heart of the rebellion in London. "An attack was intended on the city," but this was repelled at Turnham Green. Accordingly Charles substituted a different plan,

"by which the enemy was to be surrounded and overwhelmed. He was himself to hold Essex in check from Oxford, while Newcastle pushed on at the head of the Northern army through the Midlands into Essex, and Hopton advanced from Cornwall to make his way through the Southern counties into Kent. When these two armies had seized upon the banks of the Thames below London, they would find no difficulty in stopping the passage of shipping on the river, and by the annihilation of its commerce the great city, and with it the parliamentary army, would be starved into submission."

This plan, we are told, dominates the year 1643. In 1644, when it had failed, and "the balance of numbers had turned against Charles, the very opposite plan was tried." In 1644, his object is "to fling his forces first upon the Scots and their allies in Yorkshire, and then alternately upon the divided armies of the Southern generals in Oxfordshire and in Cornwall."

On the parliamentary side Mr. Gardiner discovers during the same time no corresponding strategy. But they call in the Scots; Cromwell forms a cavalry which scatters that of Rupert at Marston Moor; and they finally resolve upon a military reconstruction of the most thoroughgoing kind. Then, indeed, they shake off their military weakness. Mr. Gardiner will tell us about this in his next volume, which may be expected also to embrace the military revolution, and to describe how the reformed army crushed the parliament

as well as the king, and, as we may say, decapitated both.

If I undertook to review the book, I should now proceed to inquire whether these views, and the conclusions on a hundred points which Mr. Gardiner has arrived at, are well sustained, and deserve to be accepted. This is indeed the only question for a critic, for Mr. Gardiner is nothing if not a trustworthy investigator. But I cannot undertake it, and must confine myself to saying that I have myself much faith in his soundness and accuracy. He seems to have laid the indispensable foundation upon which future historians of this period will have to build. That is, he has sifted the authorities, and brought back the narrative to a proper nearness to the documents. He has dropped once for all the tone of the parliamentary orator or epic poet. His judgment seems always cool, and we may feel sure that he indulges in no predilection or prejudice. Moreover, he is well on his guard against another fault of the old school—that of insularity. He does not forget to take account of Richelieu, of the Stadtholder Frederick Henry, of the Elector Palatine Charles Louis. Nor has he thought it enough not to forget them: he has studied them. In knowledge of Europe as a whole, and of the relation of English to foreign affairs, I imagine he is much superior to all former writers on the period except Ranke.

Lastly, the results of so much minute research are laid before us in a narrative which is perfectly clear, not prolix, neither overlaid with detail nor interrupted by digressions. In arrangement Mr. Gardiner is decidedly successful. As to his style, it is cool and critical, but never ambiguous, and wholly free from affectation.

J. R. SEELEY.

Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton: a Vindication.
By Louisa Devey. (Sonnenschein.)

POSTPONING for the moment the ethical considerations involved in its publication, Miss Devey's "Vindication" of the memory of her friend is judiciously written and of sustained interest. The issue around which the interest mainly turns—the character of the late Lord Lytton—is unpleasant, from one point of view at any rate; but the brilliant and forcible pen of Lady Lytton herself, which is accountable for a considerable proportion of the book, precludes the slightest suspicion of tedium.

The first four chapters, mainly autobiographical, are replete with vivacious description of the life of Rosina Wheeler until immediately after meeting with Mrs. Bulwer Lytton and her son. The "rack-rent topsyturvy" home in Ireland, where Miss Wheeler's childhood was spent; her residence in Guernsey with her uncle, Sir John Doyle, and the society of Government House; the "Slough of Literary Society" in London, and, in particular, the "lily menageries" of unfortunate Miss Spence; Mrs. Bulwer Lytton's pompous demeanour and the sartorial extravagances of "Eddard" Bulwer; all these topics are treated with humour, and at times with much pungency. With "L. E. L." Miss Wheeler was on an intimate footing, and speaks enthusiastically of her charms, both poetical and personal; and this, in spite of the fact

that "never was there anyone, even among the *litterati*, who had such an exaggerated and enthusiastic way of expressing what she did not feel."

In 1827, Miss Wheeler became Mrs. Bulwer, and almost immediately her troubles began. According to the "Vindication," Bulwer's temper was not long in displaying itself; and in May 1828, irritated because his wife was too tired to hand him more books from the library shelves, he sprang to his feet and kicked her in the side. Subsequently, he is said to have banged her against a stone-floor, threatened her with a carving-knife, and made his teeth meet in her cheek. Quarrel and reconciliation alternated until 1836, when Bulwer and his wife finally separated. In addition to the brutality and violence ascribed to Bulwer throughout these nine years of his married life, infidelity and deceit of all kinds are also charged against him. Indeed, Mrs. Bulwer says she determined on the separation on account of discovering her husband in an act of infidelity.

The account of the time from 1836 to 1873, when Lord Lytton died, is one long tale of persecution and misery. Not to mention the misfortunes which Lady Lytton incurred through her own improvidence, Miss Devey's chronicle is sufficiently sensational. Separated from her children, and almost penniless, the unhappy lady took to writing novels. Bulwer thereupon tried to prevent her finding a publisher, and, though not successful, caused his wife a great deal of trouble. Lady Lytton went to Paris in 1839, "and then began an organised system of *espionnage*." The husband is said to have engaged in conspiracies to blacken his wife's character with unrelenting pertinacity. Libels in the *Morning Post* and *Court Journal*, instigated by him, resulted in a victory for Lady Lytton. Next came an attempt to seize her papers, followed closely by an unsuccessful plot to inveigle her into a house of ill-fame. In Geneva she was subjected to persecution in money matters, and was reduced to a pitiable condition, from which she was raised by some of those good friends who turned up at every crisis of her life. Troubles of one kind or another pursued her on her return to England, and in 1854 it is alleged that an attempt was made to poison her at Llangollen. During all these years Bulwer was giving his wife an immense amount of difficulty with publishers. In 1858 occurred the dramatic scene on the hustings at Hertford. Lady Lytton appeared before the electors and denounced her husband in no measured terms, compelling him to beat a retreat. Her triumph was not of long duration, for very soon she was entrapped and conveyed to a private asylum, from which she was not released until public agitation on the matter forced Bulwer to give his wife liberty.

These incidents are but the main ones in the indictment of Lord Lytton. To assume judicial functions regarding particular facts in the case would be beyond our duty; but it may safely be said that Miss Devey's book will effect a considerable change in the general estimate of Lytton's character. The popular notion is that Lady Lytton was something of a modern Xantippe (though, unlike her supposed prototype, she certainly did not succeed in teaching patience to her Socrates); and

regarding Lytton himself, the dictum of his son, that "his errors were the errors of a good man, and his virtues those of a great one," is the one most widely accepted. Now that the public can see something of both sides of the question, a fairer judgment will be formed. After allowance is made for the wife's exaggeration and for the partiality of her literary executrix, this "Vindication" will convince most people that, though Lytton was a great writer, he was not a great man. No doubt Lady Lytton was much too clever and much too spirited a wife for him; but no such faults in the wife could justify the atrocious conduct of the husband after their separation.

In some quarters the publication of this book will be condemned either absolutely or else in point of the time at which it appears. To condemn it absolutely would imply the condemnation of all biography. For if we are to have biography at all, its truth is surely a primary requisite; and to ensure truth, controversy, though disagreeable, is sometimes necessary. If it be true biography that we want, any publication which proves the inaccuracy of a previous record may fairly be considered justifiable. And in the case of Lytton, whose "Life" by his son is without doubt one-sided and partial in the extreme, we can but hold that Miss Devey was right to publish her "vindication" of Lady Lytton, and thus to assist the world to a true estimate of the great novelist's character.

In point of time, too, we must refrain from condemning Miss Devey's action. As a general rule, it may be conceded that controversial biography should be postponed till after the death of persons whose feelings it would naturally wound. But the present Lord Lytton has surely forfeited all claim to be considered in the matter; for by publishing a vindication of his father, which was by implication an attack on the memory of his mother, he threw down the gauntlet to the friends of that lady. Two years ago he exercised his legal right to suppress letters which could but throw direct light upon the dispute; and, if the volume under review is an extreme indictment of his father, he has himself to blame that it is not more moderate.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Songs of Britain. By Lewis Morris. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

MR. LEWIS MORRIS is one of the few "contemporary writers of verse"—the phrase is his own—who have caught the ear of the public. His *Songs of Two Worlds*, without being commonplace, struck a note which everybody understood, and to which the taste of the general reader responded. The *Epic of Hades* was even more successful, for it presented in quite an easy and familiar way some of the immortal stories of antiquity. Compared with Keats's *Hyperion*, or with *Atalanta in Calydon*, or with Mr. William Morris's reproductions of Greek myths, it is bald and unheroic; but it nevertheless has charms of its own, and charms which strongly appeal to the unlettered reader. The reputation established by these works has naturally reflected some importance on Mr. Lewis Morris's subsequent works: an importance which I fear, does not of right attach to

them. It only concerns me, however, to speak of the book now under review, as to which I am bound to say that it is very far from maintaining the standard of the *Epic of Hades*. In that poem Mr. Lewis Morris was original and natural. Here he is imitative, and forced, and ambitious. This is a criticism which applies with special force to "A Song of Empire." The influence of Tennyson is very plainly apparent throughout that composition; but so little has Mr. Lewis Morris caught the spirit of the Laureate that the effect, instead of being one of grandeur and dignity, is one of mere tawdriness. The following lines of invocation furnish a key-note to the poem:

"Oh England! Empire wide and great
As ever from the shaping hand of fate
Did issue on the earth, august, large grown!
What were the Empires of the past to thine,
The old old Empires ruled by kings divine—
Egypt, Assyria, Rome? What rule was like
thine own,
Who over all the round world bearest sway?
Not those alone who thy commands obey
Thy subjects are; but in the boundless West
Our grandsires lost, still is thy reign confest.
'The Queen' they call thee, the young People
strong,
Who, being Britons, might not suffer wrong."

It cannot be said that this reaches the level of poetry. There is an evident effort to blow a deep full trumpet-note, but either the instrument is imperfect, or the true force is wanting. The last two lines of the quotation, however, are strongly suggestive of Tennyson.

"O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong."

The best passage in this ode contains an admirable sketch of the times of Elizabeth and Anne:

"Three Queens have swayed
Our England's fortunes—great Elizabeth,
In whose brave times the blast of war
Blew loud and fierce and far.
Her dauntless sailors dared the unbounded West,
And fought the Armada's might, and did
prevail,
And wheresoe'er was seen an English sail
Her Empire was confest;
And round her gracious throne immortal powers
of song
Bloomed beautiful, bloomed long,
And left our English tongue as sweet as it was
strong.
"And when a century and more had passed
In blood and turmoil, came a Queen at last.
Her soldiers and her sailors once again
Conquered on tented field and on the main,
And once more rose the choir of song;
Not as the Elizabethan, deep and strong,
But, tripping lightly on its jewelled feet,
Issued politely sweet,
And Shakespeare's tongue and Milton's learned
to dance
The minuet of France."

But the ode concludes with some lines that do more than recall—for they really repeat—part of Lord Tennyson's "Welcome to Alexandra." This is Mr. Lewis Morris:

"Flash, festal fires, high on the joyous air!
Clash, joy-bells! joy-guns, roar! and, jubilant
trumpets, blare!
Let the great noise of our rejoicing rise!
Gleam, long-illuminated cities, to the skies."

And this is Lord Tennyson:

"Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!"

A little farther on Mr. Morris has the line—

"Fly, banner of Royal England, stream unfurled!"

The resemblance to the refrain in Lord Tennyson's "Lucknow" is too close not to challenge remark:

"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England blew."

It may be allowed that a master-mind like Tennyson's must of necessity influence other minds in sympathy with it; but there may be similarity of style without identity of thought and language. Mr. Lewis Morris's memory is in these instances quicker than his invention. He believes the ideas or the words to be his own, but they are his by adoption only. In one place, in the poem from which the foregoing quotations are taken, he has varied a couplet, since the first publication of the poem, to get rid of a striking resemblance to Tennyson. As they at first stood the lines were:

"Deep based on ancient right, as on thy people's
will,
Thy rule endures unshattered still."

This, of course, is an awkward reproduction of part of a well-known verse of the Laureate's dedication "To the Queen":

"Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will."

The substituted reading is more awkward even than the borrowed one; but it is Mr. Lewis Morris's own. There are some other passages of unconscious reproduction, besides those which have been mentioned, to which it would be well for him to give attention. Here is one, which occurs in "Easter-tide":

"How should it be that man alone could cease
When all things else increase?
Man, the first fruit of Time, Creation's crown."

In this instance it is the language, chiefly—the idea only in part—that almost corresponds with a passage in Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters":

"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
Why should we toil who should we toil alone,
We only toil who are the first of things,
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?"

It behoves a critic to point out merits and defects with equal justice. I shall give myself the satisfaction of referring to some unquestionable merits presently; but there is still another defect which I am bound to notice. I have already spoken of the tawdriness of one of these poems. It is by another word that one would have to characterise the following lines from "A Midsummer Night's Dream":

"How seek our earthly limits to transcend,
And, without halt or pause,
Soaring beyond the limits of our laws,
Touch with a feeble hand on glories without
end?"

Nay, great are these indeed,
And infinite, but not so great as He
Their Maker who has formed them, who made
me,
Who can in fancy leap, outward and outward
still,
Beyond our System and its farthest star,
Beyond the greater Systems ranged afar,

To which our faintest suns are satellites, and no more—

Beyond, beyond, beyond, till mind can fill
The illimitable void which never sense
Nor thought alone may compass or contain,
And with a whirling brain
Return to the great Centre of all light,
Which doth control and bound the Infinite,
And looking to the undiscovered Sun,
Find all perplexity and longing done,
And am content to wonder and to adore."

It is conceivable that there are readers who will think this a fine passage—readers to whom Young's *Night Thoughts* and Pollok's *Course of Time* are works of greater value than *Paradise Lost*. But has it really any meaning at all? Apart from the confusion of pronouns, which seems to mix the personality of the Creator with that of Mr. Lewis Morris, it appears to be only noticeable as so much rant—a thing sometimes mistaken for inspiration, and which possibly Mr. Morris has himself mistaken for it. The stars of a Midsummer Night, or of any night, would suggest to most people, even though they were not poets, some better reflection than this:

"Let, then, unbounded Space,
Sown thick with worlds, encompass us; we care
No whit for it, nor shall our dazzled eyes
This waste of worlds surprise,
Which have looked on its Maker."

But I am glad to turn from the blemishes among these poems to what may fairly be regarded as their beauties. It is only when Mr. Lewis Morris endeavours to be something other than he is that he fails to produce good poetry. His vocation is that of simple unambitious verse—verse which enshrines a story, or expresses such aspirations as all men share and can understand. There are three Welsh legends in this volume, all of which are effectively told, while one of them, "The Physicians of Myddfai," is a poem of very considerable merit. Here is a Welsh picture which no living poet could have rendered better:

"Above the grey old town, at the mouth of the
exquisite valley,
Rises a quaint village church deep in o'ershadow-
ing yews;
On a round-topped hill it stands, looking down
on the silvery river
And the smooth meadows fenced by tall elms,
and the black kine, like flies on the green.
Below, midst its smooth-pleached lawns, stands
the many-roofed Anglican palace,
And aloft from its straight-rigged pines, the
enchanter's summit ascends.
Thence along the upward vale, by fold upon
fold of the river,
By park and by tower, at last the far-off moun-
tain chains soar,
Flecked with shadow and sunshine which float
on the side of the desolate moorland,
And the whole still landscape lies bathed in a
haze of ineffable peace."

In several of the shorter and simpler poems in the volume the same genuine vein is struck. In poetry, as in everything else, it is better to do a small thing well than to attempt a great one and fail. Let Mr. Lewis Morris remember his own beautiful rendering of the story of Marsyas and Apollo.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

The Theory of International Trade. By C. Francis Barstable. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.)

It is refreshing in these days to find an economist who has a good word for the

classical English school. To "restate, in a more complete form," the doctrines of that school is the aim of Prof. Barstable. He walks in the way of Ricardo; neither soaring with Jevons to mathematical heights, nor immersed in details after the manner of the historical school. He goes over the ground which Mill has covered, not as a servile follower, but striking out unbeaten shortcuts, and obtaining new points of view. It would be too much, perhaps, to assert that he arrives at any strikingly new result. Yet the mere fact that under such skilful guidance we are not led to any paradoxical conclusion is a negative result of some importance. Prof. Barstable's restatement of the orthodox doctrines may be usefully opposed to the peculiar theories about international trade which Cournot and other eminent economists—to say nothing of the protectionists—have maintained. To be the interpreter and defender of Mill would by itself be no small praise. But Prof. Barstable makes his own what he borrows. His work has the impress of originality as well as the weight of authority. Not only is the reader reminded of many points which he had almost forgotten, but they are restated with such force and clearness that he is likely ever afterwards to remember them. We might instance as particularly valuable the analysis of the "Equation of Indebtedness," the enumeration of all those unbulky or "invisible" exports which may be set off against the material commodities imported. Very lucid also is the statement of the exceptions to the general rules respecting the foreign exchanges. But we should have to transcribe the book if we were to indicate each shining point. A generation of economists which prides itself on being "much better than their fathers" may advantageously reflect upon the distinguished success of this exponent of the English Classical School.

It is allowable also modestly to enquire whether there are any deficiencies in this mode of exposition. The Ricardian method may be attacked on two different sides. On the one hand, it may appear not to go to the root of the matter. It is as if an astronomer should content himself with the proposition, "Planets move in ellipses," without ascending to the first principles of dynamics. Such a one might be at a loss when he came to deal with certain comets. On the other hand, the principle that planets move in ellipses might be a useless abstraction in a conceivable cosmos where the existence of a resisting medium or other disturbing circumstance caused the theory to lag very much behind the facts. Of these dangers it appears to us that the first has not been completely avoided by our author. His treatment of the abstract theory of value does not evince a firm grasp of first principles. It is surely very misleading to compare the trade between two nations, supposed the only two in existence, to "the terms of an exchange between isolated individuals." The authority of Mill and Jevons is in vain invoked to show that the former bargain is indeterminate in the same sense as the latter. The point may not be of much practical importance. Yet from this dark spot a certain nebulousity appears to spread over the otherwise luminous remarks concerning the influence of competing

nations, and concerning the division of the gain from trade.

It is not equally possible to bring home the converse imputation of being too abstract. The author is on his guard against the dangers of *a priori* reasoning. He fully admits that

"all such statements must be taken subject to the qualifications necessarily involved. They are drawn from the examination of a few leading features . . . and are thus far removed from reality—a characteristic which makes them quite unfit for that sweeping application to practice which has been the greatest weakness of the older English economic school." "The real error," he says wisely, "lies not in the use of hypotheses, but in the forgetfulness of the fact that they are unreal or, at all events, incomplete."

It may be thought, perhaps, that the writer of these passages has not adhered to their spirit when he reasons against protection, considering that he there supposes his conclusions to be immediately applicable to practice. But we recommend the reader, before passing judgment, to study the paper in a recent number of *Hermathena*, to which the writer gives a reference. In that excellent paper, rather more explicitly than in the book before us, Prof. Barstable concedes the theoretical validity of certain arguments in favour of protection. But he dismisses them as mere subtleties which do not come within the region of practice. The possibility of a perfectly regulated protection he likens to a Utopian inconvertible paper-currency—an ideal scheme sufficiently refuted by what Mill describes as "the importance of adhering to a simple principle intelligible to the most untaught capacity." One would be curious to know whether Prof. Barstable would relegate to the region of theoretical subtleties Prof. Sidgwick's recent contributions to this controversy. It is a pity that he has not explicitly joined issue with Prof. Sidgwick.

"Best with the best, more glory will be won,
Or less be lost,"

is a sentiment applicable to literary as well as to angelic encounters.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

The Golden Hope. By W. Clark Russell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Nelly Jocelyn (Widow). By Jean Middlemass. In 3 vols. (White.)

A Tangled Chain. By J. E. Panton. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Feud of Oakfield Creek. By Josiah Royce. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

The Broken Vow: a Story of Here and Hereafter. By W. J. Knox Little. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Day after the Fair. By William Cairns. (Sonnenschein.)

A Woman's Dower. By Austin Clare. (Roper & Drowley.)

WHEN Mr. Clark Russell is at his best, he is a teller of sea-stories such as has been never seen in England, and if not in England, assuredly in no other country. He is at his best in *The Golden Hope*, which means that this latest book of his is one of the finest books of its kind in our language—a book

which can be compared, with any show of appropriateness, only to previous stories from the same pen. It is not a blood-curdling, almost too exciting, record like that of *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor"*; but it contains passages as powerful in their way as any in that wonderful romance, and it has, moreover, an imaginative glamour and pathetic grace which will win the favour of those who may have found the emotional stimulation of the earlier story too keen for perfect pleasure. We can recall no description of the free fierce riot of the elemental forces of nature more impressive in the vigour and vividness of its conception and realisation than that given in the chapter entitled "A Terrible Night," which is to be found in the second volume; and with the strong and tender things of human emotion Mr. Clark Russell shows himself equally at home—witness the incident of the baby's funeral and the marvellous resurrection of Agatha's old life, which comes in the very moment that the little corpse drops into its ocean grave. The least satisfactory of Mr. Clark Russell's novels was the one which he called *A Strange Voyage*; but its title would have served admirably for this story of a voyage which was strange indeed in its origin, its incidents, and its results, and which is nevertheless conceived with such sustained imaginative vision as to leave that impression of inevitableness which is the note of true creative work. Agatha Fox, the heroine, is the fiancée of the Rev. Malcolm Fortescue, and they are looking forward to a speedy marriage, when the young lady exhibits threatening, but not immediately alarming, symptoms of pulmonary disease. A voyage to India and back is recommended and decided upon; and on the night after the ship bearing her and her uncle has started on its outward voyage Fortescue has a singularly vivid dream, in which he sees the destruction of the vessel by fire, the retreat to the boats, and the landing of some of the sailors and one woman, whom he recognises as Agatha, upon an unknown island. Rising in the morning he discovers that he has not only been dreaming, but somnambulant, for lying upon his desk is a sketch of the island seen in vision, which he knows must have been drawn in the darkness by his own hand. In a few months comes the verification of the dream, in so far at least as the loss of the ship is concerned; and he has now no doubt remaining that in all particulars his dream has been a divinely revealed premonition of things to come. For the story of the identification of the unknown island; of the young curate's voyage of search in that good schooner, with her happily-omened name, *The Golden Hope*; and of what in the voyage was found and lost, we must send readers to the book itself; for it would be unkind to blunt the edge of the keen pleasure they may fearlessly anticipate in reading the finest, because the strongest, most wholesome, most interesting, and, indeed, enthralling novel we have read for many a long day. Nor is the book less noteworthy for firm grasp and vivid presentation of character than for invention of captivating incident, and in Captain Weeks and old Stone we make two new friends who will assuredly be old friends before we forget them. Such a story as *The Golden Hope* supplies one of the best of the

quiet and reposeful pleasures of life, and that Mr. Clark Russell may live to write many such books will be the wish of every reader.

Nelly Jocelyn, the book, and Nelly Jocelyn, the widow, are both decidedly bewildering, and the bewilderment is not of a very entertaining kind. She—the woman that is—is only a sham widow, to begin with, being the wife of a man who has been sent to penal servitude for some crime, which is so vaguely described that we do not know whether the unfortunate Arthur has been a villain or a victim. At this period of the story she is, or appears to be, an unscrupulous adventuress. But we infer that appearances in this case, as in many other cases, are deceptive; for the puzzling Nelly not only becomes a real widow, but develops into a heroine of the quite ineffable type, and becomes united to an equally ineffable hero—a certain M. Paul Cazalet, a Parisian painter. This M. Cazalet is a genius—at least, we are told so—and his appearance and habits are certainly those which characterise the genius of fiction; but if we may judge of his mental condition by his actions, he is an amiable idiot with occasional, though happily temporary, attacks of downright lunacy. Two such persons as Nelly and Cazalet would satisfy any normal appetite for absurdities; but, in addition to them, Miss Jean Middlemass provides us with another and much more unpleasant incomprehensibility—Miss Marian Wallis, a feminine schemer who is brought for some mysterious purpose all the way from Australia, and who makes things uncomfortable for poor Paul and Nelly and the other personages in the story with a persistence worthy of a better cause. First she tells Paul's pretty little fiancée a bogus story of his infidelity, which, though she is healthy enough, kills her in about a fortnight; then, by playing upon Paul's feelings when he is in one of his most imbecile moods, she induces him to marry her; then she runs away from him with an empty-headed count; then, hearing that there is a possibility of Paul consoling himself with Nelly, she separates the pair by an anonymous letter, which, of course, the receiver accepts without any inquiry; and finally dies at the shortest possible notice because she has come to the end of her resources, or Miss Middlemass to the end of her invention. There are also several mysterious scoundrels who are associated in some way which we do not quite understand with the past of Nelly and the convict; but really the complexities of *Nelly Jocelyn* (*Widow*) are too bewildering for easy comprehension, and not interesting enough for serious study.

A Tangled Chain is undoubtedly a very powerful story, but it is also a very unsatisfactory one. Mr. Panton is impaled on one or other of the horns of a dilemma. If Liza Standen has inherited her mother's madness the strange story of her inner and outer life is simply a study in insane psychology, emotionally repulsive and intellectually unsatisfying. If, on the other hand, she is intended not to be insane, but simply depraved, we must declare her to be a moral monster, allowable, it may be, to the romancer, but denied to the novelist whose apparent aim is simple realism. A young lady who, at the age of twenty-two,

calmly poisons her father simply to escape from *tedium vitae*, who betrays no hint of remorse, or even of the nervous agitation which one would think must inevitably be attendant upon her first murder, and who meets a sudden and altogether unexpected accusation with the gay insouciance of uncomprehending innocence, but also with a readiness of resource which would do credit to the most experienced criminal, is a young lady who, on the face of it, stands in need of a good deal of accounting for. Unfortunately the story of Liza's paternal training, by which Mr. Panton very cleverly attempts to account for her, is not more credible than the girl herself; and, even if Sir Marmaduke's education of his daughter helps us to believe in Liza, the difficulty is only removed one step further back, for we are left without any help to belief in Sir Marmaduke. If, however, we grant the novelist's right to invent incredible characters, as we all grant the right of the romancer to invent impossible incidents, we have few words for *A Tangled Chain* (why "chain," we may ask?) that are not words of unreserved praise. The book is unpleasant; but, with a heroine who is altogether devoid of moral sense, it could not well have been otherwise. The conclusion is ineffective, for the tangle is cut rather than unravelled; but what unravelling was possible without the introduction of more incredibilities? The process of Liza's gradual redemption through love is presented with unmistakable power, and the author shows his insight by not making the mistake of doing too much. When we first meet her she is something between a savage and a devil; when we leave her she is far from being an angel, but she is a woman who has set her face towards goodness. In spite of all its faults, the book is rich in both intellectual and artistic interest.

It is probable for various reasons that Mr. Royce's story, *The Feud of Oakfield Creek*, will not achieve a very wide popularity even in the United States, from which it comes to us; and it is still less likely to be popular here, for even a full comprehension of the course of the tale demands a certain local knowledge which very few Englishmen are at all likely to possess. Even were this not so, there would hardly be enough story of any kind to attract the ordinary novel devourer; but for those readers who can appreciate the solid kind of work which is the outcome of sustained imagination and keen observation, *The Feud of Oakfield Creek* will be far from unattractive. Mr. Royce will probably be classed as a member of the school of which Mr. Henry James is the acknowledged master; but, in the fervid patience of his treatment of a multiplicity of details, every one of which is made to contribute to the impression of some broad effect, he reminds us most strongly of Balzac. We do not mean to raise false expectations. Balzacs are not born frequently, and there is little likelihood that this book will be mentioned in connexion with *Le Père Goriot*; but the name of the great Frenchman does suggest itself, and even the suggestion would be impossible save in the presence of work of artistic weight and worthiness. It is, unfortunately a book of which only general criticism is possible in small compass, and it would be no help to the reader to name the

three or four characters which seem to us triumphs of careful portraiture. The defect of the story is a want of diffusion of interest, the situations being prepared for with a somewhat tiresome elaborateness.

So far as we know, the beautiful story of *The Broken Vow* is Canon Knox Little's first experiment in fiction; and few will deny that it is a very successful one. In some respects it is not markedly original, for in tone and texture it bears a close resemblance to the later romances of Mr. Shorthouse and the supernatural stories of Mrs. Oliphant; and, indeed, one passage—that which describes Dorothy's feeling of being hurried along by the pressure of an unseen crowd—is a clear echo of one of the most impressive chapters in *A Beleaguered City*. The construction of the story is, however, Mr. Knox Little's own; and, even if his imagination acts most readily in response to external stimuli, it evidently possesses a strong individual life. It is not often that one reads a story either of the seen or of the unseen so rich in tender pathetic beauty as is *The Broken Vow*, for it is a story which realises the supernatural without vulgarising it—nay, which somehow exalts and spiritualises it by rendering it less awesome and more homely. Lady Dorothy herself is a lovely creation, and the book contains nothing unworthy of its winning central figure.

"What did you think of my sermon?" asked the 'prentice preacher of a master of the craft, and the master simply replied, "It was very short." "I tried not to be tedious," said the young man; and "You were tedious," was the crushing rejoinder. Let the author of *A Day after the Fair* take the ancient anecdote as a parable. His story is short, but—we will not complete the sentence. Of all tiresome things, strained and feeble attempts at humour are the most tiresome, and this book contains little else.

It can, however, be honestly declared that Mr. Cairns's tale contains nothing that is offensive, which is more than can be said of *A Woman's Dower*. As the author, who is evidently a woman, dedicates her book to the members of a Young Women's Help Society, we are bound to believe that her intentions are good; but the story is about as unwholesome as it well could be. We might use a much stronger epithet, and would do so were not the book altogether too weak to be worth powder and shot. JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

Villa Gardening; a Handbook for Amateur and Practical Gardeners. By E. Hobday. (Macmillan.) Most of the numerous books on gardening which year after year teem from the press are either too technical or presuppose much knowledge and many appliances of horticulture. Thus they are apt to disgust readers with the inadequacy of their own gardens to produce what their guide promises. Mr. Hobday has brought out an extremely well-arranged and thoroughly useful book for the ordinary lover of a garden; and if the latter possess a little glass or an orchard house, ample directions for their management will also be here found. This information is arranged in chapters treating each of some special division of the subject, such as ornamental gardening,

hardy fruit culture, fruit culture under glass, and the like. The only drawback to this arrangement is that an ample index is a necessity; and Mr. Hobday's index is unfortunately so bad that it becomes a positive nuisance to the student. For instance, in reading the text, an excellent account is given of violet culture. Having occasion to refer to it, we turned to the index; and violets not being so much as named in it, several minutes were spent in an irritating search for them in the body of the book. Mr. Hobday's book is sure to advance to a second edition, and this point should then be carefully attended to. His remarks on even so simple a matter as watering are full of good sense. He points out to novices that it is impossible to grow ferns, roses, and plants of totally different habits in one glass house; yet how often is this feat attempted! Strong commonsense is the leading idea of the book. The lists of plants and flowers are brought up to the present day. Pruning, budding, even packing of fruit, are described carefully. The full management of the vine is succinctly taught, and the kitchen garden treated by principles and not, as usual, empirically. It is a pleasure to recommend so sensible a writer as Mr. Hobday. Under his guidance, even if the garden lover leaves the manual labour to an assistant, he will be sure to find much to minister to his delight and his sense of beauty, "Any land under cleanly culture, and bearing good crops forms a pleasant sight," says Mr. Hobday. How much more when the garden is planted with a background of well-grown trees, and smiles in front with brilliant flowers, not merely (as too many gardening books prescribe) zonal geraniums, perillas, and the fashionable bedding plants of the day, but much more with what Mr. Hobday spends special pains on in his book—the good old-fashioned perennials so dear to our childhood!

Yachts, Boats, and Canoes. By C. Stansfeld-Hicks. (Sampson Low.) This volume is intended for those who, living near the sea and with a strong taste for boating, are in need of sound advice on the craft they should purchase, and the best modes of rigging and sailing her. Mr. Stansfeld-Hicks is nothing if he be not practical. Sails and spars, therefore, together with small yachts, Indian birch-bark and sailing canoes, centre-boards, and the like, are thoroughly overhauled in these pages. The mysteries of design and construction are fully explained, while an appendix of typical designs on thin paper largely enhances the book's value. Should the enthusiastic seafarer wish to build his own craft, the author teaches the method of doing so, from the laying down of the keel to knocking away the dog-shores at the launch. Even the cost of such vessels as the *Dabchick* and *Una*, with their fittings complete, is appended. For general readers the descriptions of the *Rob-Roy* canoe and yawl will be found interesting. Single-handed sailing, which is year by year becoming more popular, is thoroughly elucidated by means of diagrams and woodcuts. To an outsider this amusement appears to combine the minimum of danger with the maximum of discomfort. Here the novice may learn how to steer by his feet; and then in bliss, with only eyes and nose protruding above the cabin-hatch, he is tutored how to scan his chart, fix up his side lights, cook his dinner, or stave off collision by blowing blasts on his trumpet. The illustration of the cutter *Undine* running with her single occupant through a heavy sea, off a dangerous coast, amid darkness and torrents of rain, gives a sample of the joys in store for Mr. Stansfeld-Hicks's disciple. His book, however (and we have thoroughly examined it from cover to cover), is an admirable exposition of the whole subject. The beginner will find his directions simple and exhaustive. Text, figures, and

diagrams leave nothing to be desired. The amateur sailor, the yachtsman, or the seaside visitor who desires to know a little about sails and sailing, may well deem this book a treasure. So careful a piece of work in every detail comes in good time for the great yacht races of the present year.

The Pleasures of a Pigeon-Fancier. By the Rev. J. Lucas. (Sampson Low.) Few are aware how universal and time-honoured is the passionate devotion which consumes breeders of pigeons. The Egyptians, 3000 B.C., possessed tame pigeons. Immense prices were paid for them at Rome. The Emperor Akbar used to carry about with his court 20,000 of these birds. Persia is still the land *par excellence* of pigeon-cotes, and men are said to have turned Mohammedans there in order to be permitted to keep pigeons. The dove, both in sacred and profane countries, has ever been the symbol of purity and peace. Moreover, few pets breed faster, and answer to the wishes of the pigeon-fancier so exactly as do pigeons. This is evident if it be borne in mind that all our domestic pigeons, even birds so far removed from each other as the pouter and the fantail, are descended from the common rock pigeon (*C. livia*). Most men associate modern pigeon fancying, as exhibited in large towns with squalid dens such as those in the purlieus of the Seven Dials, with dirty hands, and with still viler practices of squeezing the poor birds' heads when young in order to make them conform to some arbitrary canon of the "fancy." This, Mr. Lucas tells us, is an entire mistake. He who loves pigeon-fancying has found the secret of happiness. His pursuit is far more than an innocent and healthful recreation: it is a boon to youth, a solace in old age. "The pigeon-fancier is essentially a man of quiet, contemplative mind." He assimilates the calmness and gentleness of his pets. "He is proverbially a long-lived man." Best of all, a great fancier assured the author, "in the whole of my experience I never knew an instance of a real fancier being a degraded or an immoral man." Life it seems is really worth living provided a man be a pigeon-fancier. In this little book, with its dainty illustrations by Mr. Harrison Weir, and its dedication to Mr. Ruskin, the seeker after happiness will find abundant enthusiasm and many useful lessons on pigeon-keeping. Mr. Lucas's preference is evidently given to almond tumblers, but more from their beauty and conformity to the rules which prescribe the perfections of the breed than from the playful aerial habits of the tumbler. Probably his birds never leave their aviary. Few sights are more enjoyable, however, than to free several high-flying tumblers, watch their lofty flights and the sunlight glancing on their white wings under a dark cloud, and then on a sudden see them fall and turn summersaults, like a chime of pealing bells (to borrow an illustration from the sister sense), then once more gleefully mount aloft, and in freakish delight tumble over and over again far above the dingy roofs and earthbound hopes of the great city. It ill becomes the author to sneer at Darwinian principles. This rather reminds the reader of "coxcombs vanquishing Berkeley with a grin." By natural and "unconscious selection," all the varied kinds of pigeons which Mr. Lucas admires have been raised, while the loving attention and careful experiments of Mr. Darwin on pigeons should, in the eyes of a fancier, surely protect his memory. When Mr. Lucas speaks also of the splendid hues of flowers, and views these as being their final cause, it is evident that he has not remembered the experiments of Sir J. Lubbock. With these exceptions, Mr. Lucas has written a book which will give pleasure to every lover of nature. Should a reader elect to try the

charms of pigeon-fancying he will find more useful hints and suggestions for the better ordering of his pets than in any other book with which we are acquainted. But he will also discover that his birds must be visited early and late, that feeding and bathing them, to say nothing of bestowing the requisite meed of admiration which helps a fancier, take up much time. It is not every man, too, who would trouble to inject soaked biscuits by means of a glass syringe into the little ones' crops carefully, and go over the older ones, feather by feather, in order to apply ointment; but such toils are part of the fancier's delights. We close the book with a remembrance, not altogether untinged by envy, of the happiness of M. Corbié, whose sole occupation during forty-five years consisted in taking care of the pigeons belonging to the Duchess of Berry.

Loch Creran. Notes from the West Highlands. By W. A. Smith. (Paisley: Gardner.) Readers of Mr. Smith's former book, *Benderloch*, will welcome more of his natural history notes. Without any pretence of fine writing, and often studded with Scotticisms, these pages possess a charm of their own from the acute observation and vivid descriptions of their author. Birds, seals, flowers, weeds, fish, insects—all the fauna and flora of the district—are introduced, either in their native habits or as exhibiting unusual traits when influenced by weather, temperature, and the like. *Loch Creran* is not a book to be read from cover to cover; but it is a book to be taken up again and again, and a lover of the country will find some noteworthy anecdote in almost every page. In one is an interesting disquisition, for instance, on the Scotch thistle, or an account of a heron eating a duckling. The birds which come to the loch in stormy weather are noted in another, and a story related of bees leaving their hive without any apparent reason. We have never read more striking accounts of the manner in which the autumnal storms rage through the Western Highlands than in this book. Tourists, as a rule, leave before the weather breaks; but we have known two or three remain till October near Oban, and walk to church in the evening in fine weather to find, when service was over, that they had to be taken back in a boat, so speedily had the waters risen when a storm had fallen upon the district. Again, Mr. Smith notes how the grey crows—those *hostes humani generis* in all game-producing localities—have been known to carry off several herrings at a time in their beaks to the hills, not to devour but to hide for future use. Another page relates how he found an angler-fish (*Lophius piscatorius*) thrown up on the beach by a gale. The creature measured 3ft. 3in. long, and yet had managed to swallow a skate which was 2ft. long and 16in. across the wings. A great quantity of curious information is thus stored for the naturalist, and a good index enables him to find at once what he wants. No more charming book can be imagined for observant people in the Western Highlands. It shows how much there is to occupy the mind even in the darkest days and coldest weather of winter. Above all, it points out how much yet remains to be learnt of the most ordinary and commonplace creatures of a district, and cannot but stimulate all who love the country to use their eyes and wits to more purpose. Without espousing all Mr. Smith's deductions and theories, few who open this book will close it without feeling grateful to the author for having disclosed to them new sources of interest, profitable inquiries for walks and meditations in the country.

Modern Improvements in Fishing Tackle and Fish Hooks. By H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. (Sampson Low.) For those who like to possess

every recently invented appliance for fishing, this little volume, with its 250 cuts of reels, hooks, fly-cases, &c., will be invaluable. From a literary point of view, it will not enhance Mr. Pennell's reputation, as it too much resembles a glorified trade catalogue. An unfriendly critic, moreover, might carp at the appearance of the word "modern" in its title-page, as neither there nor anywhere else in the little book that we can see is any date affixed. This will be a serious drawback to the publication's usefulness when a few years have passed over it. We must protest also against the coinage of an entirely needless word—to "odiate"—as an active verb. The best part of the book consists of the instructions near the beginning, with lucid diagrams appended as to the method of tying the various knots required with the "eyed" hooks. These detached hooks and the flies dressed on them, especially those with projecting bodies of indiarubber, still further to imitate the real insect, are practically the only modern additions to fly-fishing about which a veteran need concern himself. As for new fastenings for reels, fanciful boxes in which to carry gut casts, patent ferules for rods, and the like, the man who cannot catch trout with a stout twelve-foot length of greenheart will not be any more likely to do so with these novel inventions. "They be pretty things to look on," as Lord Bacon says, but of small practical advantage. The book is useful to show how little the main appliances of fishing have altered since Walton, or even Dame Juliana Berners's day. Shooting appurtenances, on the contrary, have been revolutionised within the last half century.

NOTES AND NEWS.

AMONG the books belonging to the late Master of Trinity, which are to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Monday next and the three following days, is an interesting collection of Tennysonianism. There is the *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827), in the original cloth; the *Poems* of 1830 and 1833, with corrections in the author's hand; and the extremely rare "Lover's Tale," in its unpublished form. This last is unfortunately bound up with the *Poems* of 1842, and so has escaped the notice of the catalogue. The only copy which has hitherto been offered for sale fetched 25 guineas, and was resold to the British Museum for £40. Dr. Thompson also had a copy of Shelley's *Adonais* (Pisa, 1821); but this, for some reason, does not appear in the catalogue.

We hear that Dr. Junker has in preparation, besides a work fully descriptive of his recent travels in Central Africa, a pamphlet on the Mahdist movement, looked at from the inside.

A MEMOIR of the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., is about to be prepared for publication. Friends of the late Quartermaster-General in India having any original letters of interest from or relating to that officer are requested to lend them to Lady MacGregor, The Elms, Torquay. The greatest care will be taken of all such documents, and they will be returned as soon as the necessary extracts have been copied.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON have in the press a Life of the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, edited by Elizabeth Wordsworth and Canon Overton, the historian of the Church in the eighteenth century. It will be in two volumes, with a portrait.

MRS. PFEIFFER's new volume, *Women and Work*, being an inquiry into the effect of their higher education and intellectual effort upon health, will soon be ready for publication.

MR. HENRY H. HOWORTH has nearly finished a work upon which he has been engaged for

some time past, entitled *The Mammoth and the Flood: an Attempt to confront the Theory of Uniformity with the Facts of recent Geology*. He claims to prove—(1) That a widespread cataclysm brought the mammoth period to a close. (2) That this catastrophe involved a widespread flood of water, which not only drowned the animals but buried them; sometimes with their bodies intact, and in many cases along with a crowd of very incongruous beasts and covered them with continuous masses of loam and gravel. (3) That the same catastrophe was followed in Siberia and in boreal America by a great and sudden change of climate, by which the soft parts of the animals, which had previously lived under temperate conditions, were frozen and have remained frozen ever since. (4) That this catastrophe took place when man was already occupying the earth, and constitutes the gap which is almost universally admitted to exist between so-called Palaeolithic and Neolithic man. (5) That this cataclysm is probably the same event pointed out in the traditions of so many isolated races about a widespread primeval flood. (6) That while this catastrophe was very widespread, and has left its traces all over Europe and Siberia, North and South America, Australia and New Zealand, considerable areas escaped, from which man, animals, and plants, again spread and reoccupied the desolated area.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will shortly publish two works on the Solomon Islands, by Mr. H. B. Guppy. The first, entitled *The Solomon Islands and their Natives*, treats of the anthropology, natural history, botany, and climate of the region, and contains an account of the original discovery of the islands by the Spaniards, translated from the MS. of Gallego's journal. It is illustrated with engravings from photographs taken by the author. The second—*Notes on the Geology of the Solomon Islands*—in addition to the geological observations, gives a general description of the islands, and an account of the deep-sea deposit, and of the coral reef formations. In these volumes Mr. Guppy has also endeavoured to throw some light on the suitability of the group for colonisation.

A NOVEL by Mr. Frank Barrett, entitled *His Helpmate*, will be published next week by Messrs. Ward & Downey. The same publishers have in the press a new work by Mr. D. Christie Murray, entitled *A Novelist's Note-Book*.

MESSRS. HATCHARD will publish in a few days two novels—*The O'Donnells of Inchfawn*, by L. T. Meade, and *Madame's Granddaughter*, by Frances M. Peard. The same firm announce a new story by Mrs. Molesworth, entitled *The Palace in the Garden*.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will shortly publish a novel, entitled *His Own Enemy*, by Mr. T. Blountelle-Burton.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER will publish immediately a volume of *Russian Lyrics*, translated into English verse by the Rev. C. T. Wilson, formerly chaplain in Bombay; and also *The Natural History of Thought*, in its Practical Aspect, from its Origin in Infancy, by Mr. George Wall, author of "Good and Evil in their relation to the Dispensations of Providence."

PROF. BARRÈRE's work on *Argot and Slang* is now ready, and will be in the hands of subscribers within a few days. The number of the edition being very limited, many subscriptions were necessarily rejected, the whole having been subscribed for some months before publication.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & Co. announce the publication of a second edition of Th. Preston's *History of the Yeomen of the Guard*, which will contain two full-page coloured illustrations of

a Beefeater and a Tower-warder of to-day which were not in the first edition.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co.'s new premises in Fetter Lane, which will be ready for occupation in a few weeks, are to be called "St. Dunstan's House." The name is taken, of course, from the adjoining church; and a special appropriateness is derived from the fact that many notable booksellers, from the sixteenth century downward, have put "St. Dunstan's" on their title-pages.

WE understand that Mr. Elliot Stock has secured the balusters from the staircase in the old house in Fetter Lane in which Dryden lived. The demolition of the house is now complete.

THE Queen has signified to Miss Emily Faithfull the pleasure with which herself and the Princess Beatrice received the copies of the Jubilee Address she delivered at the Manchester Town Hall, a copy of which Miss Faithfull had also the honour of personally presenting to the Princess of Wales.

MR. RUDOLF DE CORDOVA, who has taken prominent parts in the performances of the Pastoral Players and the Dramatic Students, and in the Browning Society's dramatic entertainments, intends to recite Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Broken Hearts" next Thursday afternoon (May 26) at Steinway Hall.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MR. GLADSTONE will contribute the opening article to the next number of the *Contemporary Review*, which will also include an important statement of the Unionist position by Dr. R. W. Dale, and other articles by Archdeacon Farrar, R. Louis Stevenson, E. A. Freeman, Miss Cobbe, Andrew Lang, and Canon Driver, with a Jubilee poem by Robert Buchanan.

WE understand that *Good Words* for June will contain a long article on the Queen by the editor, who is one of Her Majesty's chaplains, and also the brother and biographer of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. The article is to be richly illustrated, several of the engravings being given with Her Majesty's special permission. Among them is a vignette of the Queen, when about twelve years of age, never before published.

THE *Antiquary* will next month contain the following articles: "Neolithic Implements found at Rowe's Farm, West Wickham, Kent," by Mr. G. Church; "The Custody of Domesday," by Mr. Horace Round; on "The *Exercitium super Paternoster*," by Prof. W. M. Conway; "Old Storied Houses," by Mr. Fen; "The Staffordshire Family of Swynnerton"; and "Old London Theatres," by Mr. Fairman Ordish.

THE Dean of Canterbury will contribute to the June number of *The Quiver* a second paper on "How God preserved the Bible"; Miss Beale will write an account of a visit paid to Miss Leigh's institutions in Paris; and Dr. Hugh Macmillan will furnish a paper on "The Mount of Precipitation." In this number the editor will print the text of an address presented to Princess Christian, patron of the order, by the members of the Order of Honourable Service, and also Her Royal Highness's reply.

PROF. BLACKIE is to contribute an article on "High Church and Low Church" to the June number of the *The Scottish Church*.

A NEW serial story by Florence M. King, entitled "A Man of the Name of John," will be commenced in the June number of *Cassell's Magazine*.

"An Empress and her Bonnets" is the title of an article to appear in the *Lady's World* for

June, which will be found to contain some entertaining information. There will also be papers on "A Parisian Lady's Atelier," and "Artistic Occupations for Ladies."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD, who we may mention has in hand another volume of poems, has just presented to the Indian Institute at Oxford the Pali MSS. and Buddhist books given to him by the priests of Ceylon during his recent visit to that island.

THE discussion of amendments to the proposed statute for creating a school of modern languages at Oxford began last Tuesday. Two new subjects—the Scandinavian languages and Letto-Slavic—were added to the subjects of the schools; and it was also decided (in each case by large majorities) (1) that the examination in English should include Anglo-Saxon, (2) that English as well as German should necessitate Gothic, and (3) that the knowledge of language should have an equal weight with the knowledge of literature.

THE proposal to found a readership in geography at Oxford has undergone some modification, with the result of following more closely the Cambridge precedent. It is now suggested that the university should accept the offer of the Royal Geographical Society to provide one half of the payment (£150), subject to the condition that the society should have an effective voice in the appointment. This change will, it is hoped, also lead to a reconsideration of the proposal to discontinue the readership in ancient history.

MR. ERNEST A. GARDNER, whose name will be familiar to readers of the *ACADEMY* in connexion with the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Naukratis, has been elected to the Craven studentship at Cambridge. This is the first election since the remodelling of the Craven trust.

MR. ARTHUR J. EVANS, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, will deliver a course of six lectures at Oxford on "The Early Iron Age," on Thursdays and Saturdays, beginning on May 28.

THE annual meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society will be held on Monday next, May 23, when the president (the Rev. G. F. Browne) will review the work of the society during the last two years, and will also read a paper on "The Relation of Early Christian Sculptured Stones in Rome and Ravenna to the Sculptured Stones of the North of England."

THE Rev. Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College, the newly-founded theological institution at Oxford in connexion with the Congregationalist body, has received from the university the degree of M.A. *honoris causa*.

THE Rev. Joseph Prestwich has resigned the chair of geology at Oxford, which he has held for the past thirteen years, since the death of Prof. Phillips.

IT is proposed to invite Herr Richter to Oxford to conduct an orchestral concert about the middle of June.

WE regret to record the death of the Hon. Ion G. N. Keith-Falconer, Lord Almoner's reader in Arabic at Cambridge, which appointment he had held only since last summer, after the resignation of Mr. W. Robertson Smith. He was the second son of the Earl of Kintore, and was born in 1856. Besides distinguishing himself in both the theological and the Semitic triposes, he won several university prizes; and, in 1885, he published, under the title of *Katilah and Dimnah*, a scholarly translation of a Syriac version of the Fables of Bidpai. To some he

was, perhaps, better known as an unconquered rider of the bicycle. He died from heart disease in Arabia, whither he had gone (we believe) in connexion with a missionary enterprise.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

MAY-TIME.

WE may not know, in these pale days of ours,
First sight of sun, first glimpse of moon and star,
Nor stand on those grand heights, long-lost afar,
Whereon man stood in our world's budding hours,
To marvel at the freshness of the flowers,
And mystery of green woods oracular
Beneath the wonderful wind, or God's shore-bar
'Gainst the mad waters and their ravening powers.
Yet evermore in May-time hearts are stirred,
And spirits are roused to rapture, marvelling
At this fair earth, where 'tis so sweet a thing
To live, and love, while each hour speaks its word
In some new flower to glorify the spring,
And angel-clear sings each gold-throated bird!

EVELYN PYNE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the current number of the *Antiquary* there is not a single article which will not repay the trouble of reading. Mr. Dalton's paper on Colonel Robert Tichborne, the regicide, is admirable. The only fault we can find in it is that the writer has not given references to the facts he states. We need not remark that references are always necessary, but in the present case there is a special need for them. The personal histories of the men concerned in the great struggle for freedom which occurred between the years 1640 and 1660 are hidden away in a dense jungle of manuscript and printed matter, from which it requires almost endless labour to disentangle them. That Mr. Dalton has done this in a great degree for Tichborne is evident. We are, therefore, the more sorry that he has not put it into the power of succeeding students to test his work. Tichborne is commonly called a fanatic, and the two books of which he is known to have been the author have been quoted as evidence of this. Fanatic has had, however, in the mouths of many men, a special significance when applied to those who were opposed to the monarchy in the great civil war. It has been commonly used to mean persons who apprehended the mystical side of the religious sentiment. Before the Reformation mysticism held its natural place in the popular devotions. The hard Tudor tyranny killed it for a time, but it blossomed forth again in untrained luxuriance when the excitement of the civil war stirred men's hearts. There will always remain a wide gulf between those who can appreciate the mystical side of life and those who think it mere dreaming—dreaming of a kind not a little perilous to the intellect. We give no opinion, but would remark that in a certain class of minds it has been found to accompany deep religious feeling, and that it seems to be entirely unconnected with any special form of religious faith or scientific belief. It has always seemed strange that Tichborne was not one of those whose lives were taken at the time of the Restoration, when the partisans of the restored monarch were permitted to glut themselves with slaughter. Mr. Dalton tells us that he was spared through the intervention of Sir John Robinson, lieutenant of the Tower, and that of a London vintner whose life he had saved. Lady Capel, and other relatives of the Royalists who had been put to death during the interregnum, petitioned unsuccessfully for his execution. Mr. F. R. MacClintock gives a

very picturesque account of the great fortress of Coucy-le-Chateau. A description we cannot call it. Nothing short of a large and elaborately illustrated volume could do justice to what is, without doubt, one of the most interesting buildings north of the Alps. The family of Coucy has long been extinct. If any of the name remain they represent illegitimate branches; but all those who take an interest in France as she was in the middle ages, must be attracted to that great house whose proud boast it was

"Roi ne suis,
Ne prince, ne comte aussi,
Je suis le Sire de Coucy."

A history of this great line, if written with intelligent sympathy, would be a most useful addition to literature. Mr. H. S. Howell communicates a good article on certain keys in his possession which he believes to be those of the Bastille. We do not think the evidence for their authenticity quite conclusive, but that there is a strong probability that they are genuine relics we fully admit. The Bastille was a large fortress, and must have had many keys. The one preserved at Mount Vernon is, we believe, that of the main entrance. We must not conclude without directing attention to Mr. Bradford's paper on Bess of Hardwick, and that of Prof. W. M. Conway on the "Exercitium super Pater Noster."

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

IV.

I BELIEVE I have shown conclusively that Dr. Van der Linde's books on the Invention of Printing are wholly unreliable; and that, for this reason alone, we are bound to reject his contention of having demolished the traditions of a Haarlem invention by Lourens Janszoon Coster. I will now endeavour to demonstrate that, before we can accept Gutenberg as the inventor of printing, we must first shut our eyes to a good many things which, in my opinion, clearly show that the *Cologne Chronicle* of 1499 was not wrong in saying that the *first* *prefiguration* was taken from the Donatuses, printed in Holland before people printed at Mentz; and that Junius cannot yet be convicted of being wrong in ascribing the honour of the invention of printing with movable types to L. J. Coster, of Haarlem. I will ask the reader to take first a cursory glance at the literary development of the two centuries immediately preceding the invention of printing with movable metal types.

Before that invention, and before the practice of wood-block printing (xylography), therefore as late as the second half of the fourteenth century, every book, including school and prayer books, every public and private document, proclamation, bull, letter, &c., was written by hand. All figures and pictures, even playing cards and images of saints were drawn with the pen, or painted with a brush. Sufficient evidence has come to light to enable us to say that in the thirteenth century there existed already a kind of book trade. The organisation of universities and of large ecclesiastical establishments was at that time thought incomplete, especially in Italy, France, and Germany, without a staff of scribes and transcribers (*scriptores*), illuminators, lenders, sellers, and custodians of books (*stationarii librorum, librarii*), and *pergamenerii*, i.e., persons who prepared and sold the vellum or parchment required for books and documents. The books supplied at that time were for the most part of a legal, theological, and educational nature, and are calculated to have amounted to above one hundred different works. No book or document was approved without some ornamented and

illuminated initials or capital letters, and hence there was no want of illuminators at that time. The workmen-scribes and transcribers were, perhaps without an exception, calligraphers, and the illuminators for the most part artists. Beautifully written, and richly illuminated, MSS. on vellum became objects of luxury, which were eagerly bought and treasured up by princes and people of distinction. Burgundy in the fifteenth century (with its rich literature, its wealthy towns, love for art, and the Flemish school of painting) was, in this respect, the centre and lustre of Europe; and the libraries of its dukes at Brussels, Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent, &c., contained more than three thousand illuminated MSS.

In speaking of the *writing* of the various MSS. of the fifteenth and two previous centuries, it is essential that we should distinguish between, at least, four different classes of writing, two of which must be again subdivided each into two classes; and as nearly all the different kinds of writing were afterwards taken as models for the types used in the printing of books and documents, a knowledge and proper classification of writings will make us more readily understand the first history of printing.

We find, then, (1) the *book hand*, i.e., the ordinary writing of legal, theological, and devotional books (commentaries on the laws, and on Holy Scripture, lives of saints, legends, &c.), intended for the use of lectures at the universities, for private instruction or devotion, and the supply of libraries. A good many of such books were written by men whom we may call the official transcribers of the universities and churches. They had received a more or less learned education, and consequently wrote or transcribed books with a certain pretence of understanding them, and of being able to write with greater rapidity than the ordinary calligrapher. Hence their writing may be called (a) the *current* or *cursive book-hand*, of which a good many illustrations may be found in Wilh. Schum (*Exempla Codicum Amplon. Erfurtensium*). Quite distinct from this *current* writing, and much clearer and more distinct, is (b) the *upright* or *set book-hand*, employed by writers of whom some also worked for universities and churches, while others may be presumed to have worked in large cities and commercial towns for the people in general, and to have been exempt from the privileges, but at the same time from the rules, of the universities. This book-hand produced, among other books, the lower educational books: as the *Abecedaria*; the *Donatus*, a short Latin grammar extracted from the work of Aelius Donatus, a Roman grammarian of the fourth century; the *Doctrinale*, a Latin grammar in Leonine verses, compiled by Alexander Gallus, a minorite of Brittany of the thirteenth century; the *Summula logica* of Petrus Hispanus (= John XXI., elected in 1276), used in the teaching of logic and dialectics; Dionysius Cato's *Disticha de moribus*, and its supplement called *Facetus*, with the *Floridus S. Bernardi* used in the teaching of morals. So we find the Company of Stationers (*stationarii*) existing in London as early as 1403, and supplying transcripts of various books, also ABC books, paternosters, credos, &c. From the labours of this company arose the names Paternoster Row, Creed Lane, Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane, while the association of typographers and booksellers in London is still called the Stationers' Company.

(2) The *church-hand*, which produced transcripts of the Bible, missals, psalters, and other works intended for the use in churches and private places of worship. This writing we may again subdivide into two classes: (a) the *ornamental* or *calligraphic* writing, found exclusively in books (Bibles, missals, psalters, breviaries, &c.) in-

tended for the use in churches, or for the private use of wealthy and distinguished persons; (b) the ordinary *upright* or *set church-hand*, used for less ornamental and less expensive books, and, in some cases, identical or very similar to the set book-hand. (3) The *letter-hand*, which may be said to intervene between the set literary book-hand (1, b), and the set literary church-hand (2, b). It was employed in all public documents of the nature of a letter. (4) The *court* or *charter-hand* used for charters, title-deeds, papal bulls, &c. What I have said here in general about these classes of writings applies, of course, to each country of Europe in particular; and though each had its own national character, yet the different handwritings of each country may all be arranged, with more or less certainty, under some such classes as I have mentioned above.

At the time that writing, transcribing, illuminating, &c., were in their period of greatest development, the art of printing from wooden blocks (block-printing, *xylography*) made its appearance in Europe, or more strictly speaking in Germany and the Netherlands. It is considered to have been derived from the Chinese, and seems to have been practised as early as the second half of the fourteenth century. It certainly was busily employed between 1400 and 1450, and even so late as 1475, in the production (1) of separate leaves (called *briefs*, from *breve*, Scriptures), containing either a picture (*print*, *prent*), or a piece of text, or both together; (2) whole books, usually called *block-books*, sometimes half picture and half text, or consisting wholly of text or wholly of picture.

Of single sheets (*briefs*) of German origin we have about thirty, of Netherlandish origin about half a dozen, preserved in various libraries of the Continent. Of block-books of German origin we know about eighteen different works (of some of which several editions are known to exist), e.g. the *Apocalypse*, or History of St. John the Evangelist (of which six or seven editions are said to exist), the *Ars memorandi*, the *Enndchrist* (the Antichrist), the *Ars moriendi*; *Biblia Pauperum*, with dates 1470, 1471, 1475 (not to be confused with the editions of the *Biblia Pauperum* of Netherlandish origin), the *Dotendantz*, &c. Block-books of Netherlandish origin are the *Biblia Pauperum*, *Ars moriendi*, *Canticum Canticorum*, *Pomerium Spirituale*, *Alphabet in figures*, &c.

The manner in which these leaves and books were printed seems to admit of easy explanation. The block, says Mr. W. M. Conway (in his *Woodcutters of the Netherlands*, p. 2), after the picture or the text had been engraved upon it, was first thoroughly wetted with a thin watery ink, then a sheet of damp paper was laid upon it, and the back of the paper was carefully rubbed with some kind of dabber or burnisher, till an impression from the ridges of the carved block had been transferred to the paper. In this fashion a sheet could only be printed on one side (anopisthographic), and the only block-book which does not possess this characteristic is the *Legend of S. Servatius*, in the royal library of Brussels.* Therefore, if a man wanted to set up as a printer of *briefs* or *books*, he had simply to buy a set of wood-blocks and a rubber, and his apparatus was complete. It seems probable that wealthy persons and religious institutions were wont to possess such sets of blocks; and, when occasion arose, they printed a set of sheets for presentation to a friend, or, in the case of convents, for sale to the passing pilgrim. A printer of *briefs* or *block-books* had no need to serve an apprenticeship: any neat-handed man could print for himself. So we find that Jean de

* Panzer, *Le Peintre-Graveur* (i. 57), mentions other block-books printed on both sides.

Hinsberg, the Bishop of Liège (1419-1455), and his sister, a nun in the convent of Bethany, near Mechlin, possessed "unum instrumentum ad imprimendas scripturas et ymagines," and "novem printe lignee ad imprimendas ymagines cum quatuordecim aliis lapideis printis." Though there is evidence that there existed in those days of briefs and block-books a class of workmen or traders called brief-makers (*Priffmaler*) and printers or prenters (evidently, as Prof. Skeat says, from *print*, *prent*, shortened from the French *emprint*, *empreinte*, and already used by Chaucer, *C. T.* 6186, six-text, D. 604, *printe*, *prente*, *preente*, and in other early English documents); yet the above two entries, found in the inventory of the possessions of the bishop and his sister, seem to indicate that people purchased engraved blocks (of wood or of stone) from the woodcutter (*Formschneider*) rather than books from a printer; while the easy and unceremonious way in which briefs and block-books could be produced, goes far to explain why they are in every way inferior in workmanship, colours, &c., to the MSS. of the same period.

While xylography and the art of writing were at their greatest height of development, the art of printing with movable metal types made its appearance. When we leave for the moment out of sight the controversy as to when and by whom the latter art was invented, and base ourselves on the well-authenticated dates which appear in the incunabula which have been preserved to us, we see the first printed date, 1454, make its appearance twice over in two different editions of one and the same Letters of Indulgence issued by Pope Nicolas V., in behalf of the kingdom of Cyprus. These two editions are usually called the thirty-one-line and the thirty-line Indulgence. The dates on which the copies that have been preserved to us were sold run from November 15, 1454, to April 30, 1455. And as in recent years four written copies of the same Indulgence have been discovered, which, respectively, bear the dates: Frankfurt, April 10, 1454; Frankfurt, April 11, 1454; July 11, 1454 (place not known); Lübeck, October 6, 1454—we may almost fix the exact time when printing with movable metal types made its appearance in Germany. But the moment that it appears there it is already in a perfect condition, and practised at the same time in two different printing offices, apparently established at Mentz, the one perhaps belonging to Johan Gutenberg, the other, without doubt, to Peter Schoeffer, of Gernsheim. The next date, 1455, is established (a) by the same Letters of Indulgence, the year 1454 being merely altered into 1455; (b) from a "Manung widder die Durke," or almanack for 1455, therefore, probably, printed at the end of 1454. The next date—August 15, 1456—is found in a MS. note of the binder of the paper-copy of the forty-two-line Bible, printed by Peter Schoeffer, preserved in the Paris Library. Then follows the kalendar for the year 1457, most probably printed at the end of 1456. Then again the printed date, August 14, 1457 (Mentz), in the colophon of the psalter issued by Fust and Schoeffer. And, finally, the printed year 1460 (with Mentz added) in the Catholicon. As regards the printed psalter there is no difficulty; but the other books just mentioned are assumed to have been issued by the same two Mentz printing-offices, which we find already at work there in 1454, though the 1460 Catholicon is ascribed by some to another printer. But, by the side of these dates, we find already a Bible completed in 1460 by Mentelin at Strassburg, according to a MS. note in the copy preserved at Freiburg. And in 1461 Pfister completed at Bamberg the printing of Boner's *Edelstein*, while the same date 1461 is written on the last leaf of a copy of the thirty-six-line Bible,

which is ascribed by some to the same Pfister, by others to Gutenberg.

Assuming then, for a moment, that Mentz is the starting-point, we see printing spread to Strassburg in 1460; to Bamberg in 1461; to Subiaco in 1465; in 1466 (perhaps already in 1463) it is established at Cologne; in 1467 at Eltville, Rome; in 1468 at Aug-burg, Basle, Marienthal; in 1469 at Venice; 1470 at Nuremberg, Berona, Foligno, Trevi, Savigliano, Paris; 1471 at Spire, Bologna, Ferrara, Florence, Milan, Naples, Pavia, Treviso; 1472 at Esslingen, Cremona, Mantua, Padua, Parma, Monreale, Fivizzano, Verona; 1473 at Laugingen, Ulm (perhaps here earlier), Merseburg, Alost, Utrecht, Lyons, Brescia, Messina; 1474 at Louvain, Genoa, Como, Savona, Turin, Vicenza; 1475 at Lubeck, Breslau, Blaubeuren, Burghdorf, Modena, Reggio, Cagli, Caselle or Casale, Saragossa; 1476 at Rostock, Bruges, Brussels; 1477 at Reichenstein, Deventer, Gouda, Delft, Westminster; 1478 at Oxford, St. Maartensdyk, Colle, Schussenried, Eichstadt; 1479 at Erfurt, Würzburg, Nymegen, Zwolle, Poitiers; 1480 at London, Oudenaarde, Hasselt, Rhegium; 1481 at Passau, Leipzig, Magdeburg, Treves, Urach; 1482 at Reutlingen, Memmingen, Metz, Antwerp; 1483 at Leiden, Kuilenburg, Ghent, Haarlem; 1484 at Bois-le-Duc, Si-na; 1485 at Heidelberg, Regensburg; 1486 at Munster, Stuttgart; 1487 at Ingolstadt; 1488 at Stendal; 1489 at Hagenau, &c.

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BODE, W. *Italienische Bildhauer der Renaissance*. Berlin: Spemann: 10 M. 50 Pf.
 CHARDON, H. *Nouveaux documents sur la vie de Molière: M. de Modène, ses deux femmes et Madeleine Béjart*. Paris: Picard.
 JAHRBUCH der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. 22. Jahrg. Weimar: Henschke. 12 M.
 POTTIER, E., et S. REINACH. *La Nécoropole de Myrina, fouilles exécutées au nom de l'école française d'Athènes. 1^{re} Partie*. Paris: Thorin. 80 fr.
 SIEVERS, W. *Reise in der Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta*. Leipzig: Gressner. 8 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ACTA historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. Tom. 10. Krakau: Friedlein. 14 M.
 CORRESPONDANCE de Marie Louise, 1789-1847. *Lettres intimes et inédites à la Comtesse de Colloredo et à Mlle. de Poulet*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 8 M.
 HAETMANN, O. *Nochmals zur Sempacher Frage*. Frauenfeld: Huber. 1 M.
 VOIGT, M. *Ueb. die staatsrechtliche Possessio u. den Ager compansus der römischen Republik*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOLOGY.

- FRANKEL, C. *Grundriss der Bakterienkunde*. Berlin: Hirschwald. 8 M.
 LEGNACCI, E. N. *Del Catasto Romano e di alcuni strumenti antichi di Geodesia*. Verona: Drucker. 8 fr.
 ORTVAJ, Th. *Vergleichende Untersuchungen ü. den Ursprung der ungarischen u. nordeuropäischen (dänischen, schwedischen, norwegischen) prähistorischen Steinwerkzeuge*. Wien: Holder. 2 M. 40 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- FRANKE, A. O. *Die Sarvasainmata-Cikshā m. Commentar. hrsg., übers. u. erläutert*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M.
 KÜHNAU, R. *Rhythmus u. indische Metrik*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 80 Pf.
 MEYER, K. *Peredur ab Efrawc*. With Glossary. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M. 80 P.
 SCHMIDT, O. E. *Die handschriftliche Ueberlieferung der Briefe Ciceros an Atticus, Q. Cicero, M. Brutus in Italien*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EARLIEST PAPAL CATALOGUE.

Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland: May 14, 1887.
 The most serious loss which early Christian literature has sustained is the disappearance of the "Memoirs" or "Commentaries" of Hegesippus in five books.* Himself a Hebrew

* Rufinus translates *ὑπομνήματα* by "Commentarii," just as conversely Caesar's "*Commentarii*" are sometimes called *ὑπομνήματα* by Greek writers.

Christian, he visited both Greece and Italy soon after the middle of the second century. Living in an age marked by a rapid and manifold growth of heresies, he made it his business to observe and to record the continuity of the doctrine taught in the several churches from the apostolic age to his own time.

In his account of Hegesippus, Eusebius (*H. E.* iv. 22) tells us that, "after certain statements respecting the Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, he proceeded as follows (*ἐπιλέγοντος ταῦτα*):

"And the Church of the Corinthians continued in the orthodox doctrine till the episcopate of Primus in Corinth. Their acquaintance I made (*οἷς συνέμειξα*) on my journey to Rome, and I stayed with the Corinthians a considerable time (*ἡμέρας ἱκανὰς*), during which we mutually refreshed ourselves (*συνανενδύναμεν*) with the orthodox doctrine. And when I arrived in Rome, I drew up a list of succession* down to Anicetus (*διαδοχὴν ἐποίησαμην μέχρις Ἀνικητῶν*), whose deacon Eleutherus was. Soter succeeded Anicetus, and after him came Eleutherus. But in every succession, and in every city, they adhered to the teaching of the law and the prophets and the Lord."

He must therefore have arrived in Rome, roughly speaking, between A.D. 155 and A.D. 165. If Eusebius (*H. E.* iv. 11) is correct, he remained there till the accession of Eleutherus (i.e. about A.D. 175), so that his sojourn must have extended over ten years at the least, and may have been much longer. But possibly this was a mistaken inference from the passage just quoted. However this may be, the "Memoirs" themselves were not written till the time of Eleutherus.

The papal list which he drew up is the earliest on record. About this same time, or a few years later, another more famous writer, Irenaeus, visited Rome. The third book of his extant work was written under Eleutherus (about A.D. 175—A.D. 190). He has there left us (iii. 3.3) a list of the Roman bishops traced from the apostles Peter and Paul to Eleutherus, and he explains his motive in doing so. He desired to counteract the pretensions of the heretical teachers by showing that their systems were the growth of yesterday. The continuity of the succession was to him a guarantee of the continuity of the doctrine. If the language of Hegesippus could leave us in any doubt about his meaning, it would be dissipated by this

* It is with some surprise that I find Harnack (*Clem. Rom. Prolog.*, p. xxviii., ed. 2) confidently adopting *διαρρίθμην* for *διαδοχὴν*, and declaring that "ne levisima quidem dubitatio relicta est." The facts are these: (1) There is absolutely no authority for *διαρρίθμην*. All the Greek MSS., and the Syriac Version, which is almost contemporary, read *διαδοχὴν*. (2) Savile conjectured *διαρρίθμην*, supposing that it was read by Rufinus. But the general looseness of Rufinus's version deprives it of any critical weight; and his rendering in this very passage shows that he either misunderstands or despises the Greek, "Cum autem venissemus Romam, permansi inibi donec Aniceto Soter et Soteri successit Eleutherus," where not only the reference to the list of succession, but the mention of the diaconate of Eleutherus has altogether disappeared. In the next sentence again he translates *ἐκδοτὴν διαδοχῆς* "in omnibus istis ordinationibus"; thus showing that he entirely misapprehends the gist of the passage. There is therefore no reason for supposing that Rufinus read *διαρρίθμην*. (3) As regards Eusebius himself, it is quite clear that he did not read *διαρρίθμην*, for he says elsewhere (iv. 11) that Hegesippus visited Rome in the time of Anicetus, and remained there till the time of Eleutherus. (4) The context requires *διαδοχὴν*, "I drew up a [list of the] succession." He says that originally his list ended with Anicetus; and accordingly he now supplements it with the names of the two bishops next in order, Soter and Eleutherus, thus bringing it down to the time when the "Memoirs" were published.

parallel passage in Irenaeus. It may be assumed that the catalogue of Hegesippus was included somewhere in his "Memoirs," probably in the context of this very passage which Eusebius quotes. But the context is not forthcoming. Must we then abandon all hope of recovering the catalogue?

Epiphanius (*Haer.* xxvii. 6) devotes a long paragraph to the early history of the popes. It has been strangely neglected by writers on this subject. Lipsius, for instance, barely mentions it and never discusses it. Yet a list of this early date, which is obviously independent of the Eusebian lists, deserves the highest consideration.

Epiphanius is speaking of one Marcellina, a lady heretic, who taught in Rome in the time of Anicetus. His opening words are sufficiently curious to deserve quoting:

"Ἦλθεν δὲ εἰς ἡμᾶς ἡδὴ πως Μαρκελλίνα τις ἐκ τῶν τῶν ἀπὸ Καρποκράτῃ ἀπατηθεῖσα, ἡ πολλὰς ἐλυμήνατο ἐν χρόνιοις Ἀνικητῶν ἐπισκόπου Ῥώμης, τοῦ μετὰ τὴν διαδοχὴν Πίου καὶ τῶν ἀνωτέρω.

He then commences a list of the Roman episcopate. He places "first Peter and Paul, apostles and bishops, then Linus, then Cletus, then Clements, who was a contemporary of Peter and Paul." This leads him to explain how Clement, though a contemporary, was not next in succession to the apostles. He suggests that, though consecrated to the episcopate by the apostles who still survived, he may have waived his claims in favour of others for the sake of peace, as "he [Clement] himself says in one of his letters, *I withdraw, I will depart, let the people of God be undisturbed* [*εὐσταθεῖτω*]; for," adds Epiphanius, "I have found this contained in certain memoirs [*ἐν τισιν ὑπομνηματισμοῖς*]." Then after other suggestions he continues:

"But possibly after Clement was appointed, and had waived his claims (if indeed it so happened, for I only surmise it, I do not affirm it) subsequently, after the death of Linus and Cletus, having held the bishopric twelve years each of them after the death of Saint Peter and Paul, which happened in the twelfth year of Nero, he [Clement] was again obliged to take the bishopric. Howbeit, the succession of the bishops in Rome is as follows: Peter and Paul, Linus and Cletus, Clement, Euaeristus, Alexander, Xystus, Telesphorus, Hyginus, Pius, Anicetus, who has been mentioned above in the catalogue (*ὁ ἐν ἐν τῷ καταλόγῳ προδεδηλωμένος*);"

after which he resumes his account of Marcellina.

Have we not here the lost list of Hegesippus? My reasons for this supposition are as follows:

(1) It is evident that Epiphanius does not quote the passage of Clement's epistle which he gives, from the epistle itself. Indeed he nowhere betrays any direct knowledge of this epistle. Whence then did he obtain it? He himself answers this question. He found it "in certain memoirs (*ἐν τισιν ὑπομνηματισμοῖς*)."

I thought at one time that by this expression he meant some collection of excerpts; but I now see a more probable explanation. Eusebius not only designates the work of Hegesippus *ὑπομνήματα* (*H. E.* ii. 23, *ἐν τῷ πέμπτῳ αὐτοῦ ὑπομνήματι*; and again *H. E.* iv. 22, *ἐν πέντε τοῖς εἰς ἡμᾶς ἐλθοῦσιν ὑπομνήμασι*), but he uses the corresponding verb *ὑπομνηματίζεσθαι* of the writer (*H. E.* iv. 8, *ἀπλουστάτῃ συντάξει γραφῆς ὑπομνηματισμῶν*), perhaps quoting his own expression. Were not these then the very *ὑπομνηματισμοί* in which Epiphanius read the words of Clement?

(2) Hegesippus certainly dwelt at some length on Clement's letter and on the feuds at Corinth which called it forth. Eusebius refers to his testimony respecting this letter, not only in the passage already quoted, but in another place also (*H. E.* iii. 16). Moreover, the mention of Clement's letter occurred in Hegesippus in the same context with the

mention of the Roman succession, just as it occurs in Epiphanius. It should be added likewise that the discussion of Clement's position is quite out of place in Epiphanius, and its introduction can only be explained by the fact that Clement occupied a large space in the authority which he had before him.

(3) Hegesippus tells us that his catalogue was brought down to Anicetus. The list in Epiphanius stops at this same point. On the other hand, the catalogue of Irenaeus reaches as far as Eleutherus. The value of this coincidence, indeed, is diminished by the fact that Epiphanius has been speaking just before of Marcellina, who taught in Rome in the time of Anicetus. Of this however I shall have something to say presently.

(4) Epiphanius refers back to "the catalogue," in which Anicetus had been already mentioned. But no catalogue has been given previously. Is not this best explained as a careless insertion by Epiphanius of the very words of Hegesippus, in forgetfulness that his own manipulation and transposition of the matter borrowed from Hegesippus had made them no longer appropriate? And perhaps also we may explain in the same way the opening sentence of the whole paragraph, "Ἦλθεν δὲ εἰς ἡμᾶς κ.τ.λ., to which it is difficult to assign any probable sense, so long as Epiphanius is supposed to be speaking in his own person. It gives some trouble to Lipsius (*Zur Quellenkritik des Epiphanius*, p. 114), who contemplates the possibility of its being taken verbatim from the *Syntagma* of Hippolytus. He does not, so far as I have observed, either here or elsewhere give Hegesippus a place among the sources of Epiphanius.

But a portion of the context relating to the Carpocratians and Marcellina closely resembles the language of Irenaeus, and cannot be independent of this father's account. If therefore my hypothesis be true, either Irenaeus must have borrowed from Hegesippus, or Epiphanius must have borrowed partly from Hegesippus and partly from Irenaeus, besides using the *Syntagma* of Hippolytus. But I see no difficulty in either supposition.

This result throws light on another point also. For the name of Linus's successor, instead of Anencletus, which appears in Irenaeus and Eusebius, Epiphanius has Cletus. This alone shows that Epiphanius cannot have borrowed his list from Irenaeus. On the other hand, the form Cletus must have appeared in some early list, inasmuch as it is found in several catalogues of the fourth and fifth centuries; so that a progenitor is required. In the list of Hegesippus we seem to have found this progenitor.

But, if Epiphanius did thus derive his list from Hegesippus, one very important result follows. Epiphanius gives the durations of office of Linus and Cletus as twelve years each.† The catalogue therefore, which he used, had not only the names of the bishops, but the term-numbers also. Thus the tradition of the term-numbers is carried back as far as Eleutherus, if not as far as Anicetus; and therefore deserves the highest consideration. We may suspect indeed that the assignment of twelve years each to the two earliest in the list was a simple device for covering the interval; but from the beginning of the second century the numbers handed down would be substantially correct. Indeed Lipsius himself—to whom the credit is mainly due of showing that the term-numbers in all the lists come from one common source—in his later investigations (*Jahrb. f. Protest. Theol.*, vi., p. 233 sq.) believes himself to have established the conclusion that among the authorities used by Eusebius was an

† He might have procured these numbers from Eusebius (*H. E.* iii. 13, 15); but this is improbable in itself, and the fact that in Eusebius the name is not Cletus but Anencletus makes it doubly so.

Antiochene document dating from the episcopate of Victor, the successor of Eleutherus, which contained the term-numbers as well as the names of the Roman bishops. On this point I wish to suspend my judgment; but I have indicated a somewhat earlier source, whence this Antiochene writer (if he existed) might well have derived his information—a catalogue drawn up under Anicetus, though not published before Eleutherus, by a Palestinian writer long resident in Rome.

I need hardly add that I do not attribute to Hegesippus the speculations respecting the position of Clement. Epiphanius himself is evidently responsible for these.

J. B. DUNELM.

DEAN ALDRICH AND THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

London: April 30, 1887.

The following letter from Dr. Aldrich to the Duke of Ormond, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, is among the manuscripts at Kilkeny Castle. It was written on behalf of Mr. Wyatt, Orator to the University, and candidate for the post of Principal of St. Mary Hall. William Wyatt, of Christ Church, became B.A. in 1662 and M.A. in 1665, and was appointed Orator in 1679. Dr. William Jane, of Christ Church, was Regius Professor of Divinity; he became B.A. in 1664, M.A. in 1667, B.D. in 1674, and D.D. in 1679.

"MY LORD,

"St. Mary Hall being vacant by the death of Dr. Crowther, the Bishop of Exeter sent the same day an express to Kensington to beg the headship for Mr. Wyatt, whom Your Grace had formerly promised the first Hall that should be vacant. Before Mr. Wyatt could come to Town, the Bishop, the Warden, Dr. Jane and myself (who had we been there should all have been his intercessors) were all of us gone from London, and so the poor gentleman, for want of an University friend to introduce him, was fain to return home without waiting on Your Grace. To repair (if we can) this unfortunate Accident I presume to trouble Your Grace, and to beg in the Bishop's name, that his recommendation may not be in vain. I believe there will be no competitors, because a Hall is no place of profit unless the reputation of the Head invite Scholars to come and live with him, which is one advantage the Patron has that if his Client if he should want merit, will make no profit of his place. Wherefore I shall say nothing (though I could a good deal) of Mr. Wyatt's deserts, the rather because he cannot be unknown to Your Grace; I shall only say he is a Christ Church man, and Orator to the University, which is a place of Credit, but little or no Salary: If Your Grace please to grant him this Hall, it will put him in some post; where his own merit may raise him an advantage; and if ever we be happy in Your Grace's Company at Oxford, he will do the duty of his place much better, when he makes an Oration to Your Grace not only as our Chancellor but his benefactor.

"I am with all possible duty

"MY LORD

"Your Grace's most obedient and faithful Servant

"H. C. ALDRICH."

"Ch. Ch.: Decr. 29,
"1689."

On January 5 and 11, 1689-90, Wyatt wrote to "Mr. Gascoigne, Secretarie to his Grace the Duke of Ormond"—Henry Gascoigne, uncle of Richard Steele, who had just then entered Christ Church—pressing him to obtain speedily a nomination from the Duke. Shortly afterwards Wyatt was duly appointed Principal of St. Mary Hall.

GEORGE A. AITKEN.

"CEILING" AND "HELING."

Hampstead: May 8, 1887.

Mr. Bradley holds it to be highly improbable that the Biblical and dialectal meanings of "ceiling" are developed out of the meaning,

"top of a ceiling." In support of this view he gives strong reasons. "Celynge," as a fifteenth-century word, in the sense of bed-cover or bed-hangings, is certainly telling.

That there are Latin or French origins—or transfusions, so to say—in some of the "ceil" or "cel" words is not to be denied. As to the suggestion of a mere back-formation, or adaptation, of an English infinitive from Latin *celare*, French *celer*: may we not also think of the kindred good old English word, "to hele" (German: *hehlen*, *hiltien*)?

In English folk-speech "to hele" is used to this day in the sense of "to conceal, to cover." The word is to be found in the *Provincialisms of West Devonshire* (Marshall, 1796), which are embodied in the reprinted Glossaries (Series B) of the English Dialect Society, edited by Skeat. [*Heal* (hel), *v.* to cover, as with slates. *Healing*, *Helting*, *sb.*, the slate covering of a roof; also the operation of slating; hence *Hellier*, *sb.*, a slater.]

An older, more guttural pronunciation—such as lingers here and there, in some parts of England—would bring "to hele" close to the fifteenth-century word. The frequent change of an original spoken *k* (written *c*) sound into either a *tsh* or *s* sound need not be dwelt upon.

KARL BLIND.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 23, 2.30 p.m. Geographical: Anniversary Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Chemistry of Substances taking part in Putrefaction and Antiseptics," IV., by Dr. J. M. Thompson.

TUESDAY, May 24, 3 p.m. Linnean: Anniversary Meeting.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Modern Physiology of the Brain and its Relation to the Mind," II., by Prof. Victor Horsley.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Importance of the Applied Arts, and their Relation to Common Life," by Mr. Walter Crane.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Accidents in Mines," I., by Sir Frederick Abel.

WEDNESDAY, May 25, 4 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "A Discussion of some of the most important Various Readings in the *Divina Commedia*," V., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Society of Literature: "Cleon, the Athenian Demagogue," by Dr. W. Knighton.

8 p.m. Geological: "Considerations on the Date, Duration, and Conditions of the Glacial Period with reference to the Antiquity of Man," by Prof. Prestwich; "The Lower Part of the Upper Cretaceous Series in West Suffolk and Norfolk," by Messrs. A. J. Jukes-Browne and W. Hill; and "Some Carboniferous Species of *Murchisonia* in our Public Museums," by Miss Jane Donald.

THURSDAY, May 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of the Organic World," VI., by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture. "A Discussion of some of the most important Various Readings in the *Divina Commedia*," VI., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Underground Telegraphs," by Mr. O. T. Fleetwood; "Driving a Dynamo with a very short Belt," by Profs. W. E. Ayerton and John Perry.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, May 27, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Indian Tea," by Mr. J. Berry White.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Etymology of Scarlet Fever," by Dr. E. E. Klein.

SATURDAY, May 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Victorian Literature," III., by Prof. J. W. Hales.

3 p.m. Physical: "Transformers for Electric Distribution," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "Magnetic Torsion of Iron Wires," by Mr. Shelford Bidwell; "A Strain in a Beam fixed at both Ends," by Profs. W. E. Ayerton and J. Perry.

SCIENCE.

Altaic Hieroglyphs and Hittite Inscriptions.

By C. R. Conder. (Bentley.)

THE appearance of Capt. Conder's promised book on the mysterious Hittite inscriptions has been awaited with eager interest. An article in the *Times* had led the public to hope that the key to their decipherment had at last been found. The book is now before us, and we are, therefore, in a position to see whether the expectations regarding it were justified.

At the outset I must confess that I would never have undertaken to review it for the ACADEMY had I known that my name would occupy so large and honourable a place in its pages. "*Arcades ambo*," I hear some readers exclaim, "reviewer and reviewed form a mutual admiration society." I will, however, endeavour to deal with the work as Capt. Conder himself would wish me to do, forgetting that he has mentioned me at all or approved of any of the theories I have put forward in regard to the Hittite texts.

Capt. Conder's hypothesis involves three assumptions. First of all, he believes in the connexion between the Hittite hieroglyphs and the Kypriote syllabary, and establishes the phonetic values of many of the Hittite characters by comparing them with what he considers to be their Kypriote equivalents. Secondly, he holds that the pictures out of which the cuneiform characters have developed have the same origin as the Hittite hieroglyphs and the Kypriote syllabary, and thus throw light on several of the Hittite forms. And thirdly, he holds that the grammar and vocabulary of the Hittite texts is neither more nor less than Accadian. A corollary of the last assumption is that the language of the inscriptions is not Semitic.

In this last conclusion he is certainly right. Most of the inscriptions come from a region which was not Semitic, and where a Semitic language was unknown before the Persian epoch; and since the forms and grouping of the characters are the same whether the texts are found in Asia Minor or in Syria, we cannot assume that they embody more than one species of language. The proper names of this region, moreover, given not only on the Egyptian monuments but also on those of Semitic Assyria are non-Semitic, and the few Hittite words we happen to know are not referable to Semitic roots. Two of them are furnished by the bilingual boss of Tarkondemos, *tarku* "a goat" and *me* (or, according to Capt. Conder, *mes*) "four"; two others, as Prof. Maspero has pointed out, by the Egyptian determinatives with which they are provided in the geographical lists of Karnak, *kamru* or *kamlu* "a house," and *maqur* "the sky." Mr. Tomkins has shown that the latter word is also written *mákhir*, illustrating the curious interchange of *kh* and *k* or *g* which meets us in so many Hittite proper names. That there were Hittites who spoke Semitic in the Semitic portion of the Hittite territory is, of course, indisputable, just as there were Britons who spoke Celtic after the Roman conquest of Britain; but the Hittite texts we possess at present do not belong to them.

The connexion between the Hittite and Kypriote characters—Capt. Conder's first assumption—is now generally accepted by palaeographical authorities. I differ from Capt. Conder only in holding that it is unsafe to identify a Hittite and a Kypriote character simply on the ground of their apparent similarity in form. The reason why I have given up some of the comparisons I proposed in 1876 in favour of others not perhaps so obvious at first sight, is that I believed I had ascertained the phonetic values of the Hittite characters by the help of the bilingual inscription of Tarkondemos, and that these values did not agree with those of the Kypriote characters first compared. Palaeography

teaches us that letters so change in form in the course of time, and more especially in their passage from one people to another, that it is not always those which are most like one another that are really related, but those in which the resemblance is not obvious at the first glance. Between the Hittite hieroglyphs of the inscriptions and the earliest known forms of the Kypriote or Asianic characters there is still a wide interval which future discovery will have to fill up.

To Capt. Conder's second assumption I must oppose a *non liquet*. He is mistaken in supposing that the Hittite inscriptions, even if they go back to "the age of Abraham," would be the oldest contemporaneous records of Western Asia. The monuments discovered by the French at Tel-loh may be dated about 4000 B.C., and there are a good many Babylonian inscriptions in the British Museum which are not much later. On the oldest monuments of Tel-loh, however, cuneiform writing has so far degenerated from its original form that comparatively few of the characters can be restored to their primitively pictorial shape; in most cases it is quite impossible even to guess what the original pictures were like. Under these circumstances it is, at least, premature to compare together Hittite hieroglyphs and Babylonian characters. From Babylonia to the Hittite region, moreover, is a far cry; and the snow-shoe which occupies so conspicuous a place in the Hittite texts, like the heads with pig-tails and tiaras, seems to indicate that the Hittite hieroglyphs were of native invention.

Capt. Conder's third assumption will not, I think, be admitted by any "Akkadist." When we find that even within Babylonia itself several Accadian dialects were spoken, and that Accadian words underwent very considerable changes in the course of centuries, it is not likely that we should discover them in a recognisable condition among distant tribes in Northern Syria and Cappadokia. If the "Protomedic" is allied to Accadian, the traces of connexion are so faint that Dr. Hommel has been able to maintain its relationship to the Alarodian or Georgian family. The reasons, moreover, which led Capt. Conder to his belief that Accadian words are concealed under Hittite symbols were all based on a misapprehension. *Me* or *ma* is not the word for "country" in either Accadian or "Protomedic"; in Accadian the word is *mada* and *kengi*, in "Protomedic" *murun*. Capt. Conder might just as well have gone to the Lesghi *misa* or the Lydian *mois*. "Sceptre" in Accadian is not *pa* but *gidar*; *pa* probably means "a leaf." *Ku* is not the "Protomedic" word for "king," which (as Oppert long ago discovered) is *amin*; *ko* was confessedly a makeshift value assigned by Norris to the ideograph denoting a "monarch." *Khar* does not mean "mountain" in Accadian, and there is "a real distinction" between the sounds of *l* and *r* in that language; *kakama* is not the Accadian word for "amen," but an ideographic mode of writing *erimma*, afterwards contracted into *ri*; *sa* and not *ua* means "and"; and though *zu* certainly is "thou," the Kypriote character read *zu* by Capt. Conder has been shown by Dr. Deecke to have the value of *nos*. It is on this account that Dr. Deecke gives the value of *nos* to the Hittite character which has the same form.

When the supports of Capt. Conder's Accadian theory thus fall away, it is not necessary to discuss the interpretations of the inscriptions which he has based upon it. I may observe, however, that inscriptions such as he would make them out to be would be unique in the ancient world. It is only after the beginning of the Mohammedan period that pious addresses to the Deity take the place of texts in which the king plays the prominent part. And considering that one of the inscriptions from Jerablus environs the figure of a king or warrior, it would be strange to find it containing only a prayer to the Chief God of Fire.

To sum up: it does not seem to me that the secret of the Hittite inscriptions has as yet been recovered from them. Capt. Conder has advanced the solution of the problem, but no more. His observation that "a series of groups (of characters) followed by a single emblem indicates a 'packet,' so to say, forming one expression," is very happy. He is also possibly right in seeing a personal pronoun in the character he would read *ne* (my *e*), and his comparison of certain Hittite characters with the Kypriote *re, ni, ta, li,* and *te* is attractive. Equally good is his observation that "the important words—nouns and verb roots—are apparently distinguished by larger emblems than the grammatical syllables prefixed or following." But he does not seem to be acquainted with the classified list of Kypriote characters drawn up by Dr. Deecke in 1883 for the first part of Collitz's *Sammlung der griechischen Dialektinschriften*, nor with the same scholar's discovery of Kypriote characters in the inscriptions I copied at Abydos, which denote syllables beginning and ending with a consonant.

A. H. SAYCE.

A CLASSICAL SCHOLAR IN THE VATICAN.

Rome: May 8, 1887.

You will be pleased to know that my prolonged stay here has not been without important results. One of these—the discovery of a new and completely unknown codex of the *Culex*—will be published to the philological world in the next number of the *Journal of Philology*. As I do not wish to anticipate, it will perhaps be enough to say that a passage in that poem, till now given up as incurably vitiated, is convincingly restored by the new codex, which, of course, must henceforth rank among the primary sources for the text of this corrupt poem.

From the first moment of my arrival I have found the kindest and most considerate reception. Wishing to lose no time, I asked Dr. Ciccolini to allow me to begin collating in the Vatican Library in Holy week; and I was at once admitted, and allowed to continue my work till Thursday, when the Easter holiday in its stricter sense begins. When the library reopened, I returned, and have only lost one day (from illness) for my researches there. What is more, I was allowed in one instance to accompany the attendant, whose task it is to fetch the MSS. required, to the cases in which they are kept; and thus saved both him and myself infinite trouble. In half-an-hour we went through some fifteen or sixteen MSS. in several different collections. I greatly doubt whether such a favour would have been granted to any one in the Bodleian or British Museum.

The liberal and enlightened policy of Leo

XIII. has opened to students a reading-room in which the primary requirements of scholars are studiously consulted, with excellent light, convenient tables and reading-desks, as well as seats arranged to suit the conditions of light which different eyes demand. The library opens at eight and closes at twelve o'clock. During this all too brief time it is generally pretty full—never, I think, crowded—on some days comparatively thinly attended. Many of the readers are priests or members of religious orders. Last week an English clergyman—Mr. White, an earnest student of palaeography with whom I had exchanged letters—came up to me. He was working, I think, at MSS. of the Vulgate. He has now returned to Florence. When I was collating in the Vatican library in 1879 the new reading-room was not yet built. With our present keen interest in palaeography, it seems nearly incredible that the former apartment, with only one window at the end, and with awkward and very old-fashioned desks to sit at, should have been adequate to meet the needs of the many philologists who came to Rome to explore the immense resources of this wonderful library; and, in fact, it was a scramble to secure places as near the window as possible. At least half the old reading-room was in darkness. Now, with excellent light and all modern conveniences, we may expect that the vast treasures of the Vatican will be more and more studied and explored. The pursuit is a highly stimulating one, if I may trust my own experience; and no one who knows Mr. E. M. Thompson can doubt that the course of lectures which he is now delivering will do much to heighten the interest of Oxford men in MSS., even if the controversy, which I suppose is now raging there on the subject of lending out Bodleian books and MSS. should take (*quod abominor*) an unfavourable or illiberal turn.

I have been allowed to examine the catalogues of the various MS. collections (Vatican, Palatine, Urbino, Queen Christina) with my own eyes and at my own leisure. The result is already cheering. I have turned up an unexamined, though imperfect, codex of the *Aetna*. It is indeed of the fifteenth century, and cannot compare with the Cambridge codex, of which Munro has given so exact a collation. Still, so far as my present examination goes, it is very little interpolated, and merits complete collation. On the other hand, I am disappointed in the results obtained from another fifteenth-century MS., of which Keil has given an account in vol. vi. of the *Rheinisches Museum*, the more so as its writing gave me a great deal of trouble. A colophon in this MS., at the end of the *Elegia de Maecenate*, runs as follows: *Finit elegia inuenta ab enoc in dacia*, Dacia being, as Keil has shown, the name of a monastery in Denmark. I had hoped that some new variants of importance would have occurred in this transcript; but this seems not to be the case. Indeed, the *finds* made by Enoc of Ascoli do not seem to have been very considerable, although he was a man of some reputation in his own time as a discoverer. On the other hand, a copy of the *Dirae* in the same MS. presents some differences from the ordinary text which are interesting. Meanwhile I have become more convinced than ever of the shifting character of MS. evidence. My new codex of the *Culex* cannot have been written before the end of the fourteenth century; yet it satisfactorily clears up a passage which the early Vatican ninth-century, as well as the nearly coeval Paris, codices conspire to give in an unintelligible and manifestly corrupted form. The corollary of which ought to be cheering to collectors; for it is undeniably true that a MS. of the very latest period may contain a reading which is true against very early ones which agree in a corruption.

I was lucky enough, soon after my arrival, to encounter my friend, the Russian professor Koulaikovski (of Kiev). He has been here some time, working at archaeology and antiquities. He kindly took me to the Instituto di Archeologia, and obtained for me permission to read in the library there whenever I wished. The house is on the Capitoline hill, and contains a very good classical and archaeological collection of books. All periodicals on this subject, as well as on classical philology, are taken in; and I can read the ACADEMY there without the trouble of buying it. Prof. Koulaikovski has proposed to introduce me to De Rossi, who is going to lecture on the catacomb of Domitilla next Thursday.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETRUSCAN NUMERALS.

Barton-on-Humber: May 2, 1887.

Referring to my letter in the ACADEMY of November 27, 1886, I wish to correct an error of detail—not of principle, or affecting the general result.

The weak point in my case was obviously the proposed explanation of the obscure word *Minschau*, coupled with the improbability that 8 and 9 were respectively regarded as $2+(2+4)$ and $1+(2+4)$; but I was unable to suggest a more probable theory, and was naturally influenced by the circumstance that the Arintzi *Sche-ya* = 4. Further research and material, however, have convinced me that *Min* = the Samoid *Mân, Mâne, Munô*, "Finger," while *Schau* = "die Zehn repräsentirendes Suff. -scha" (Pott, *Zahl.* 51), which appears in Mantchu as *Schy*, the Chinese *Shih*, "Ten." Thus *Minschau* = (originally) "the-fingers-ten"; but the word *Min* obtains the secondary meaning "ten," as in the Zyrianian *Nelja-myn*, "forty" (i.e., 4×10), &c. We thus restore simplicity and regularity; and the Arintzi *Kina-minschau* = "2 from 10" = 8, thus conforming to a common, but by no means universal, Turanian method of expressing "eight." *Kina-minschau-tung* = "(2 from 10) $\times 10$ " = 80, and the Etruscan *Cine-minzathrum* (*Cienzathrum*) has a similar meaning. Etruscan, therefore, shows the Turanian practice of representing a number by the process of subtraction, e.g., the Ostiak *Nit-xus* ("Eighteen") = "2 from 20."

But further. The decade *Min* appears at times in the abraded forms "ma, mi, m" (vide Schott, *Das Zahlwort in der tschudischen Sprachenclasse*, 20); and that the Etruscan *Ci* = 2 is clear, I think, as long since pointed out by Canon Taylor, among other reasons, from the Inscription Fabretti, No. 2055, which speaks of *clenar ci*, two children or sons, and gives their names and ages. Hence, if Etruscan were a language connected with the Ugro-Altaic family, we should not be surprised to meet (as we do) with such a form for 8 as *CI-E-M*, i.e., "2 from 10." This same word also appears, I believe, as *xiem* ("Unklar ist *xiem*," Deecke, in K. O. Müller, *Die Etrusker*, ii. 378), which occurs on the Cippus Perusinus and elsewhere. The obscure Etruscan numeral *Eslem* (*ESL-E-M*), which also appears with one of the *zathrum*-formations—*eslem* [*z*] *zathrumia*, very probably is to be explained in the same way, i.e., as *Esal* (*Zal*) + *M* (*in*).

Three Turanian decade-forms: (1) *Min*, (2) *l-k* (cf. Lapp *lokke*, *loge*, Vogul *laga*, *lava*, Ostiak *njigedlach*, "eight," i.e., "2 from 10," &c.), and (3) *Tung* (cf. Ostiak *jang*, *jong*, *jeung*, and other forms *an*, *on*, *-ng*, &c. Vide Schott, *Zahl.* 18) reappear in Etruscan; as (1) in *Cie-M*, (2) in such forms as *Ce-a-Lx-l-s*, *Cezp-a-Lx-al-s* (which Corsen thought must be some kind of unknown coffin-ornaments), and (3) in *Za-θRUM-s*, &c.

Again, the very peculiar formation of Etruscan numeral-adverbs in *z* (e.g., *zun, zunz; esal, esalz; cezp, cezpz*) exactly reappears in Magyar, where we find the numeral-adverb *sz-er* (e.g., *egy-sz-er*, "once"; *ket-sz-er*, "twice," &c.), an outcome of some ancient Turanian word meaning "row" or "order" (*vide* Schott, *Zahl*. 26). That these Etruscan *z*-ending forms are abbreviations appears, I think, from the variant *zun-e-si*.

The Arintzi numeral for 20, *Kin-tung* (i.e., 2×10), seems exactly to explain the mysterious word *ximom*, which occurs thrice in the Magliano Inscription, where Deecke (on Indo-European principles) renders it by *centum*, and makes the Inscription speak of the offering of 180 (!) sacrifices, &c. This *ximom* is doubtless identical with the *ximō* of the Cippus Perusinus, and the former form tends to show the genuineness of the Magliano Inscription, about which Dr. Pauli entertained grave doubts.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

AT the last meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers Dr. R. W. Raymond, of New York, read a paper on "Indicative Plants," in which attention was directed to the reputed connexion between certain plants and the metallic contents of the soil on which they grow. Thus the hills containing calamine, or zinc-ore, in Rhenish Prussia and Belgium are characterised by the zinc-violet, or *Galmeiveilchen*, sometimes regarded as a distinct species under the name of *Viola calaminaria*. The lead-plant, *Amorpha canescens*, is believed by American miners to grow only in localities containing galena. Dr. Raymond called attention to another indicative plant which is probably destined to be known in the West as the silver-plant, *Eriogonum ovalifolium* (*Polygonaceae*). It is desirable, however, to make much wider observations before the prospector can regard this plant as anything like a safe guide to the presence of silver ores.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE May number of the *Celtic Magazine* contains an interesting article by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville on "Celts and Germans." The writer gives an excellent summary of the grounds on which the Celtic languages are known to be more nearly related to the Italic than to the Teutonic branch of the Aryan family. The special purpose of the paper, however, is to show from the nature of the Celtic loan-words found in common Teutonic that the undivided Teutonic people must at some period have been subject to Celtic rule, as the words chiefly relate to matters of civil and military administration. The epoch of Celtic ascendancy, of which the linguistic facts are the record, is identified by M. de Jubainville with that of the Gaulish empire founded by Ambigatos towards the end of the sixth century B.C. It is much to be wished that some competent scholar would thoroughly discuss the question of the probable sources of Livy's account of the conquests of Ambigatos and his nephews, and the amount of credence which may be given to it. That it is in substance historical there can be little doubt, however difficult it may be to understand through what channel it was handed down to the age of Augustus.

DR. FRANZ BEYER'S *Lautsystem des Neufürstlichen* (Cöthen) marks a distinct advance in the young but vigorous science of phonetics. It is the first attempt made to deal systematically with the difficult subject of French phonology, endeavouring to do for this language what pioneers like Sweet, Ellis, and Storm have already accomplished for English.

The book is appropriately dedicated to Dr. Sweet, at whose feet the author has evidently sat to good purpose. He lays down the principle that, for the thorough understanding of any phonetic system, the *synthesis* as well as the analysis of sounds is indispensable; and this principle is well illustrated in an able introductory chapter on the reform of pronunciation. The body of the work, comprising two sections, on the vowel and consonantal systems respectively, is essentially analytical, and therefore preparatory to a larger treatise on French phonetics in their synthetic form. Meantime this instalment will be very acceptable to the continually widening circle of students of scientific phonetics, especially in their application to the living languages.

THE last number of the *Philologische Wochenschrift* contains a very favourable review, by H. Rönisch, of Wordsworth's *Portions of the Gospels according to S. Mark and S. Matthew*.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, April 23.)

J. H. TUCKEY, Esq., in the chair.—A paper entitled "Thoughts on *Henry V.*," by Miss Louisa Mary Davies, was read.—Miss Davies said that the drama may be epitomised, in its own words used for another purpose—"A fearful battle rendered you in music." A warrior-king is its hero, soldiers its subordinate characters, and brave and true men, both French and English, do one another to death merrily to the sound of trumpets. The low comedy is found in the squabbles of soldiers; the genteel comedy in camp-fire jesting and a royal soldier's wooing; while the ghastly tragic element comes out sharp and strong in the realistic picture of a graceless soldier's last fight with mortality. Such being the case, there is a rare simplicity and singleness of motive in the whole, which fixes the attention from first to last on one central figure, leaving scant leisure of soul for examination of the accessories. The drama is a monument raised to the praise and glory of Henry V., and, as such, is a most effective piece of workmanship. That it is justified by fact, or the surface of fact, must be admitted. The Englishman of to-day is the child of the hero who fought at Agincourt, and he owes the manliness and courage in which he rightly rejoices to the manliness and courage acquired and proved by his ancestors in a hundred fights of long ago; so that, with the long series of disasters culminating in the loss of Calais, not all the results of Agincourt have passed out of existence. Its memory is still an inspiration to Englishmen, and they dare not, if they would, be recreant to the high standard of bravery that was there set before them. The "history" contained in *The Life of Henry V.* is less wildly at variance with the fact than is the case with some of the historical plays. Shakspeare cannot, at any time, be supposed to teach history, but he uses it as being often more dramatic than the best-conceived fiction, and more certain of arousing the sympathy and interest of his audience. Miss Davies, having with detail pointed out the historical inaccuracies, proceeded to analyse some of the characters. It is evident that Shakspeare spared no pains in the portraiture of Henry, who really seems to have been "his ideal of highest manhood." To the men whom Elizabeth delighted to honour, and who were ever ready for war, the character of Harry of Monmouth must have been all that was congenial and inspiring. But yet, like most conquerors, he is unable to appreciate and reward bravery that opposes itself to his will, and a momentary loss of presence of mind on his part entails the terrible slaughter of all the prisoners. The pious humility which characterises him in the play is amply confirmed by the chronicles of the period. Shakspeare makes no mention of Henry's cruel persecution of the Lollards, and perhaps it was as much the fault of the times as of the king. Of the minor characters Fluellen is the best drawn. He is a genuine genuine Cambrian, and not too obstinate. He and Pistol seem created on purpose to show one another up. The boy so accurately describes Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol that it is not necessary to add anything to

his sketch. The true estimate of the character of Archbishop Chicheley must be got from history and not from the play. One is tempted to think that the English heart of Shakspeare found it too hard to draw good Frenchmen. Certain it is that in those who appear here we find little to admire. This play, so popular as read, is very unsuitable for the stage, by reason of its extreme length and the martial character of the scenes. From the historical point of view its value is nothing. As a drama even it is somewhat heavy, and too much encumbered with long speeches; and though there are many passages of choice poetry scattered with a prodigal hand, it is not on them that the merit of the work must depend. It is as a carefully worked-up portrait of our soldier-king that we have to regard it, and as such it must be admitted to be nearly perfect. Rival interests are kept carefully in the background. Those characters only are introduced who, from contrast or dramatic position, will bring out most clearly the king's unrivalled lustre—churchmen, that he may seek their counsel; conspirators, that he may justly condemn them; broken-down soldiers, that he may comfort and encourage them; slain officers, that he may mourn over them; the French braggarts, that he may crush them under his heel; valiant captains, that he may graciously fraternise with them; and Pistol and men of that ilk, that he may expound in action the contrast between false and true valour.—An anonymous paper on "The Boy in *Henry V.*" was also read. The writer considered him to be a little monkey who aped the coarseness of Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym, and who showed, by his gruesome joke about Bardolph's nose, that he had no regard for his old and kind master. This, perhaps, was only to be expected; but it is strange that Shakspeare has not given us one picture of a real human child that we look on with any pleasure. Poor Macduff's "pretty one" is certainly not an engaging child. While his father is in England, and perhaps in danger, he and his mother amuse themselves in their Scotch castle by a war of words, in which there is nothing really amusing, but, on the part of the child, a most offensive effort to be funny, no matter at what cost (*Macbeth*, iv., 2, 38-63). Coleridge writes approvingly of the scene. But from what we know of Coleridge it is impossible to imagine that he himself could have even tolerated such a little monster. Clarence's son and daughter are most unnatural little prigs (*Richard III.*, ii., 2, 62-5). We are not told in history that Clarence's children were at all like this. Why should Shakspeare have gone out of his way to make them objectionable? Of little Prince Edward nothing bad can be said certainly, but as certainly nothing good. But of his brother of York, the sweet and innocent child of history, Shakspeare gives a most distorted view (*Richard III.*, iii., 1, 122-35). In this scene, as in the one with young Macduff, Shakspeare gives up everything to that unconquerable love for a quibble—a practice which Dr. Johnson so severely condemned in him. In *Hamlet* there is nothing good beyond the one touch of nature—that he likes ghost-stories. He gives us with most unchildlike detail his ideas of what a woman's eyebrows ought to be (*Winter's Tale*, ii., 1, 7-15). The attractiveness of Arthur in *John* we learn more from history than from Shakspeare, who makes him plead with arguments most unnatural for a child, who would not have reminded Hubert of past services, or have quoted, in his own praise, his great superiority over a poor man's son. It may be urged that very few other authors have thought it necessary to take any trouble with their children's characters; but, at any rate, they do not rob them of their native beauty. We can imagine how beautiful a child

"Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream,"

might have been drawn by Shakspeare's hand. Alas! that we have to say—"might have been"!

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, May 10.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Prof. Flower read a letter received by him from Emin Pasha, dated Wadelai, November 8, 1886.—Prof. Victor Horsley read a paper on the operation of trephining during the Neolithic period in Europe, and on the probable method and object of

its performance. The paper was copiously illustrated by photographs of trephined skulls and of implements that may have been used in the operation. The fact that most of the holes are found in that part of the skull that covers the fissure of Rolando heightens the probability that the operation was performed as a remedy in cases of epilepsy, since the curve of brain matter around that fissure is specially associated with what is known as cortical or Jacksonian epilepsy. It seems probable that the operation was, in the first instance, performed for depressed fractures of the skull, or for the traumatic form of epilepsy, and afterwards in other cases in which similar symptoms were observed.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 16.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. Bain read a paper on "The Ultimate Questions of Philosophy." The object of the paper was to deal with the philosophical differences of opinion that grew out of the attempts to give reasons for what has to be assumed as being ultimate. In some preliminary observations the author illustrated the position that a science may be very debatable in its foundations, and yet the superstructure raised upon these may be sound and unimpeachable. This is most apparent in the mathematical and physical sciences, in several of which the ultimate axioms are given in questionable forms, without impeding the development of truthful doctrines, both inductive and deductive. Less obvious is the application to logic and psychology, which, in the opinion of some, are in a state of total arrest until the fundamentals are thoroughly adjusted. Yet this extreme position may be over-stated; for in these sciences many important results have been obtained, while controversy still rages in regard to the primary truths of both. In following out the main design of the paper to deal with Ultimate Questions, the two foundation axioms of logic, namely, the axiom of self-consistency and the axiom of nature's uniformity were first considered, the chief stress of the discussion being laid on the second. The absolutely ultimate character of the belief that the future will resemble the past was contrasted with the three other views of the axiom, namely, (1) that it is an identical proposition (as maintained by Taine and Lewes), (2) that it is an intuition, (3) that it is a result of experience. As to the last view, which is the empirical doctrine, the author contended that experience could not assure us of what has not yet happened, without making the assumption that the future will be as the past has been, that is, without begging the matter in dispute. The axiom is not properly described either by experience or by faith, and should be treated as unique, and should receive an unmeaning name that compares it to nothing else. Considering that probably the earliest explicit statement of the axiom is that given in Newton's third Rule of Philosophising, there would be no impropriety, but very much the reverse, in this bi-centenary year of the *Principia*, in baptising it the "Dictum of Newton." The author then reviewed the several questions that might be regarded as ultimate in ethics, dwelling especially upon the proper view of disinterested action, which could not be obligatory without ceasing to be disinterested. Finally, a search was made in psychology for the best examples of questions of the ultimate class.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Anniversary Meeting, Monday, May 16.)

SIR THOMAS WADE, vice-president, in the chair.—A communication from the president, written "in unavoidable absence and under much bodily weakness," was read; and, though designated by the writer "a meagre substitute for a presidential address," entered into the present position of the society, both as regards its intellectual aims and finances, with force and appreciation. Mention was made of the action recently taken by the council to penetrate the causes of declines in Oriental research which had made itself apparent in recent years. Not much, it was stated, had resulted in the way even of reply to the circular letter issued by the special committee appointed to

investigate the question; but one letter from the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford could be pointed out as encouraging. From this passage onwards the communication may be freely quoted: "Our action, if followed up by ourselves, may yet bear fruit. But I confess myself to a feeling that the decay we lament has its origin in causes deeper than we can easily touch, and akin to changes which seem to be effecting English public characters on sides more seriously touching the probabilities of our coming history than even the decay and zeal for Oriental learning in a nation which has been brought, in God's providence, to rule so wide an Oriental Empire. . . . Before I close these few paragraphs I feel constrained to recur to the sad catalogue of losses which the society has had to bear during the two years of my incumbency. In no equal space of time, I should think, since its formation, have we had to count up such a list of the tallest flowers of our field cut down—a list embracing the names of Vaux, Phayre, Fergusson, Edward Thomas, Arthur Grote, and Walter Elliot. It will be long, I fear, before such another list can be found, but I trust our young members will do their best to promote its growth. With hearty gratitude to the society, and especially to my colleagues in the council, who have always given me such cordial support, and to my friend the secretary, I now make over the chair to Sir Thomas Wade."—The secretary then read the annual report, showing the changes in the society during the past year, which had resulted in a net gain of twenty-three members.—The chairman was sure that all present must deplore the absence of Colonel Yule, whose merits it was unnecessary for him to recall—nor need he refer to the immense range of his acquirements. His thoroughness, his assiduity, his devotedness to his office, and to all the duties of life, were well known.—Dr. Cust proposed that a vote of thanks be passed to the late president, who had conducted the duties of his post with such advantage to the society.—Mr. Howarth seconded the proposal, which was carried unanimously.—Other speakers took part in the proceedings: Mr. Salmon expressing the hope that, before long, there might be instituted an Oriental college, or school, within the reach of all classes of the community; and Mr. Hyde Clarke laying stress upon the provision that any scheme put in execution for the promotion of Oriental studies should be of a practical character, tending to the pupils' advancement in political and commercial knowledge as well as in literature. The following were elected as the council and officers for next year: president—Sir Thomas Wade; vice-presidents—Sir E. T. Colebrooke, Sir A. Cunningham, Prof. A. H. Sayce, Col. H. Yule; council—C. Bendall, F. V. Dickinson, Prof. R. K. Douglas, Dr. T. Duka, Sir Barrow Ellis, Col. G. Fryer, Sir F. J. Goldsmid, H. H. Howarth, H. C. Kay, Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, Gen. R. MacLagan, H. Morris, T. H. Thornton, M. J. Walhouse, Sir Monier Monier-Williams; treasurer—E. L. Brandreth; hon. secretary—R. N. Cust.

FINE ART.

L'Archéologie Egyptienne. Par G. Maspero. (Paris: Quantin.)

This charming volume is now in the hands of the public; and it more than justifies, in its complete form, all that I ventured to say of it on seeing the three first chapters in proof sheets. The book consists of five chapters, each chapter being subdivided into three sections. Thus chap. i., on "Civil and Military Architecture," is dealt with under the following heads: "Houses," "Fortresses," and "Public Works." Chap. ii., on "Religious Architecture," comprises in like manner sections on (1) "Materials and First Principles of Construction," (2) "Temples," and (3) "Decoration"; while chap. iii., on "Tombs," is subdivided into (1) "Mastabas," (2) "Pyramids," and (3) "Tombs of the Theban Empire." Chap. iv., on "Painting and Sculpture," treats of (1) "Composition

and Design," (2) "Technical Processes," (3) "Works"; and chap. v., on "The Industrial Arts," takes these arts under the heads of their various materials, as (1) "Stone, Clay, and Glass"; (2) "Wood, Ivory, Leather, and Textile Fabrics"; (3) "Metals." These chapters and sections cover the whole field of ancient Egyptian art, and are treated as only Prof. Maspero knows how to treat that complicated and highly interesting subject. His qualifications for the task, it need scarcely be said, are unrivalled. To his vast erudition as an Egyptologist he unites not only the varied and special qualifications of the archaeologist, but the practical knowledge of the explorer and the insight of the artist. Above all, he possesses that rarest of mental faculties—the power of divesting his mind of foregone conclusions, and of approaching the most familiar objects with eyes absolutely unprejudiced by custom. Never has Prof. Maspero turned this gift to such valuable account as in the fourth chapter of *L'Archéologie Egyptienne*.

His analyses of Egyptian wall-paintings and bas-reliefs are, from this point of view, among the most interesting passages in the book; and this because they are both sympathetic and critical. He is not blind to the defects and makeshifts of ancient Egyptian art; but he is equally alive to its many beauties, and he places those beauties before his readers in a truer and clearer light than they have been placed by any preceding writer. The following passage on the artistic treatment of men and animals in Egyptian bas-relief sculpture may be taken as a characteristic example of Prof. Maspero's delicate and impartial judgment:

"Their conventional system differed materially from our own. Man or beast, the subject was never anything but a profile relieved against a flat background. Their object, therefore, was to select forms which presented a characteristic outline capable of being reproduced in pure line upon a plane surface. As regarded animal life, the problem was in no wise complicated. The profile of the back and body, head and neck, carried in undulating lines parallel with the ground, were outlined at one sweep of the brush; the legs are well detached from the body. The animals themselves are taken from the life, each with the gait and action, and the flexion of the limbs, peculiar to its species. The slow and measured tread of the ox; the short step, the meditative ear, the ironical mouth of the ass; the abrupt little trot of the goat; the spring of the greyhound—all are rendered with invariable success of outline and expression. Turning from domestic animals to wild beasts, the perfection of treatment is no less. The calm strength of the lion in repose, the stealthy and sleepy tread of the leopard, the grimace of the ape, the slender grace of the gazelle and the antelope, have never been better expressed than in Egypt. But it was not so easy to project man—the whole man—upon a plane surface, without some departure from nature. A man cannot be satisfactorily reproduced by means of mere lines, and a profile outline necessarily excludes too much of his person. The form of the forehead and the nose, the curvature of the lips, the cut of the ear, disappear when the head is drawn full face; but, on the other hand, it is necessary that the bust be presented full face in order to give the full development of the shoulders, and to show the two arms to right and left of the body. The contours of the trunk are best modelled from a three-quarters point of view,

whereas the legs show to most advantage when seen sidewise. The Egyptians did not hesitate to combine these contradictory aspects of profile and full-face. The head is almost always given in profile, but is provided with a full-face eye and placed upon a full-face bust. The full-face bust adorns a trunk seen from a three-quarters point of view, and this trunk is supported upon legs depicted in profile. Very seldom do we meet with figures treated according to our own rules of perspective; yet most of the minor personages represented in the tomb of Knumhotep seem to have made an effort to emancipate themselves from the law of malformation. . . . If we examine the treatment of the farm-servant who is cramming a goose, and, above all, the figure of the standing man who throws his weight upon the neck of a gazelle to make it kneel down, we shall see that the action of the arms and hips is correctly rendered, that the form of the back is quite right, and that the prominence of the chest—thrown forward in proportion as the shoulders and arms are thrown back—is drawn without any exaggeration. The wrestlers of the Beni Hassan tombs, the dancers and serving folk of the Theban catacombs, attack, struggle, posture, and go about their work with perfect naturalness and ease. These, however, are exceptions. Tradition, as a rule, was stronger than nature; and to the end of the chapter, the Egyptian masters continued to deform the human figure. Their men and women are actual monsters from the point of view of the anatomist; and yet, after all, they are neither so ugly nor so ridiculous as might be supposed by those who have seen only the wretched copies so often made by our modern artists. The wrong parts are joined to the right parts with so much skill that they seem to have grown there. The natural lines and the fictitious lines follow and complement each other so ingeniously, that they appear to flow of necessity the one from the other" (chap. iv., pp. 168-71).

The book is so abundantly illustrated, that no less than three woodcuts occur in the course of the foregoing extract. The value of Prof. Maspero's criticism is therefore necessarily impaired by being thus divorced from the testimony of the illustrations, which are uniformly well chosen and admirably executed.

Prof. Maspero sweeps away a great many archaeological cobwebs in the course of this new volume, and, as usual, abolishes plenty of time-honoured errors. Thus, the tradition which ascribed the ungainly statues of Seps and Nesa to the 11th Dynasty, is shown to be extremely doubtful, their supposed archaism of treatment being more probably due to the hand of some inferior sculptor of the Vth or VIth Dynasty. The "canon of proportion" is dismissed, as it deserves to be; and the old-established notion about the decline of art under Rameses II. is shown to be true only of the succeeding reign. These are but two or three minor instances out of many. In his first chapter, however, under the head of "Public Works," Prof. Maspero breaks a lance with Herodotus, and tilts against what was probably the most gigantic bubble of antiquity.

"I no longer believe," he says, "in the existence of Moeris. If Herodotus ever visited the Fayoom, it must have been in summer at the time of the high Nile, when the whole country presents the aspect of an actual sea. He took the embankments which divided the basins and served as roadways between one town and another, for the banks of a lake.

His story, repeated by the old writers, has been accepted by our contemporaries; and Egypt, neither accepting nor rejecting it, has been flattered long after date by the reputation of a gigantic work, the execution of which would have been the glory of her engineers had it ever existed" (chap. i., p. 19).

The last sentence is but a paraphrase of the original, which is so idiomatic that I give it verbatim:

"Son récit, répété par les écrivains anciens, a été accepté par nos contemporains, et l'Égypte, qui n'en pouvait mais, a été gratifiée après coup d'une œuvre gigantesque, dont l'exécution aurait été le vrai titre de gloire de ses ingénieurs, si elle avait jamais existé" (p. 39).

L'Archéologie Égyptienne is beautifully printed on thick paper, and the illustrations are not only excellent, but abundant, being almost after the rate of one to each page; the pages being 316 in number, and the engravings 299. The book has but one defect, namely, the absence of an index; and but one fault—that it is too short.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS'S "Mercy—St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572," is so conspicuous a mistake that we are left to wonder how a master of acknowledged eminence—generally in accord, too, with the taste of the majority, though not attempting to direct it—could have made himself answerable for such a performance. There is nothing special to remark in the dull evenness of the scheme of colour, or in the execution, which, however, is not wanting in qualities which betray the hand of the master. But there is an absolute conventionality, a vulgarity in this group—showing a Catholic noble restrained from departure by a supplicating nun, while a monk of "transpontine" aspect beckons him onward—which is not even redeemed by any real dramatic comprehension of the scene portrayed. For there is between its actors no real but only an apparent connexion, each figure being palpably a model seen and thought out by itself; and thus even the element of melodramatic vigour, which might have given a certain life and unity to the conception, and so justified its existence, is conspicuous by its absence. Both in "The Nest" (25) and "Lilacs" (214), two works by the same master, which might be classed under the head of portrait-genre, there are excellencies of a very high order—especially the consummate drawing and modelling of the heads; but here, too, a cheapness of sentiment, an obvious disinclination to deal with the higher elements which even such subjects contain, detract from the enjoyment afforded by the easy mastery of technical difficulties. We have long learned that it is fruitless to regret the extinction of that bright light—whether original or reflected—which illumined the early youth of the master, and gave us such creations as the "Carpenter's Shop" and "The Huguenot"; but we still have the right to demand from the author of the "Eve of St. Agnes," of the "Gambler's Wife," and of so many noble portraits, work, if not genuinely imaginative, yet more truly felt and less absolutely superficial in sentiment than is here supplied.

Mr. Orchardson, still harping on the same string as on the two last preceding occasions, has this year sent a "First Cloud" (291), which is less entirely successful than were his former contributions, not only because the piquancy of the subject and the discreet

reticence of its treatment have lost some of the attraction of novelty, but because both in conception and realisation the work has less unity and suggestiveness than marked its immediate predecessors. The exquisite though mannered execution of the master again confers interest on every part of the canvas: but the prevailing hotness and the kindred nature of the tints employed give it in a sense the character of a monochrome, while his consummate mastery in suggesting empty space and light of various qualities has led him once more to make some sacrifice of concision and balance in the composition, with considerable loss also to dramatic effect. All the painter's subtlety is shown in the receding female form passing from the brighter to the dimmer light, and more especially in the figure of the middle-aged husband, standing solitary on the hearth of the richly adorned chamber. Though his head has relatively an insufficient value of tone, considering the all-important part it has to play in the picture, his expression of mingled annoyance, sorrow, and foreboding, constituting as it does the key to the entire work, is given with a delicacy and unexaggerated truth such as could not easily be rivalled.

Mr. Pettie has, in his "Scene from Scott's Peveril of the Peak—the Appearance of the Countess of Derby in the Golden Room," attained a level higher than that to which he has of late accustomed us. With a skill peculiar to his school he has rendered the golden tones of sunlight penetrating into a magnificent gallery, the suggestion of space being also most happily given. If the execution has some of the artist's habitual mannerism, while the light falling upon the central group of the two terrified children—to whom appears, emerging noiselessly from a closet, the black-robed, solemn figure of the countess—is chalky and exaggerated in its crude whiteness, the figure of the dame herself is true and impressive, and the suggestion of the gliding movement of her form is achieved with much skill. No other work by this artist in the present exhibition can be said to attain anything like the same degree of excellence.

No picture here contains stronger elements of dramatic force than Mr. Charlton's "Bad News from the Front" (408), in which the painter has with singular force, and yet without exaggeration, brought before us the vivid suggestion of an unseen but tremendous tragedy. Over the brow of a gaunt precipitous hill, seen in the light of a tempestuous sunset, have rushed, frenzied with the din of battle, a number of magnificent cavalry horses, all fully caparisoned, but riderless. One, wounded in the flank, half sinks into the stream from which it seeks to drink, in which another stands erect, snorting half in rage, half in terror; others rush in the most various attitudes over the brow and down the steep sides of the hill. The scene thus directly presented is terrible in its simplicity, but still more terrible is the vision which is inevitably conjured up as its precursor. More than this, the subject is pre-eminently a pictorial one, and strikes the imagination as it should, without requiring intermediate processes of thought for its full realisation. The colour of the picture shows an unnecessary uniformity, unity of tone being obtained by almost reducing the harmonies to gradations of one single combination, with a result, however, not absolutely unsuitable in the present instance; but consummate technical skill is unobtrusively displayed in the drawing of the noble animals, and in the suggestion of life and movement. Altogether, the work shows an able painter in an entirely new light, and reveals a hidden element of strong dramatic power in a quarter where it was least to be looked for. Beside this picture may be

placed, as showing a measure of the same rare quality, a work of entirely different subject—"Ho, ho! the Breakers roared" (679), by Mr. E. S. Harper. This is a scene of storm and suggested shipwreck, not delineated with any special technical freedom or power, either as regards composition or execution, but very remarkable for the dramatic unity with which the incident is realised, for the very real emotional power displayed, and displayed, too, with absolute frankness and unreserve, and yet without any dangerous approach to melodrama. For a conception which savours very strongly of the stage, and recalls far too vividly certain scenes at which the audiences of the Adelphi and Princess's theatres are wont to be pleasurably moved, we must turn to Mr. Hubert Herkomer's "The First-born" (647). It is strange that in his later productions coming under the category of emotional genre this remarkable artist appears to lose all command of that truth and sympathy which are such striking elements of his finer portraits, and to derive his inspiration at second hand from the strangest sources. In this awkwardly composed scene, which is, besides, conspicuous neither for charm of colour nor for truth of atmospheric effect, the central group is that of a well-to-do and evidently model workman of the Adam Bede type, bearing in his arms the substantial first-born, while close on his heels the wife trudges on admiringly; against the adjacent paling lean as spectators some not very expressive personages, including a woman whose strained attitude is in singular contrast with her homely features and garb. Nothing in the Academy will more strongly divide the suffrages of the public than Mr. J. S. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" (359), though as to its originality and remarkable technical qualities there could not well be any serious divergence of opinion. The artist has portrayed two beautiful, white-robed children, in an English garden, upon which the sun has but just gone down, leaving that curious half-light under which objects are seen with a strange distinctness and peculiarity of aspect, and with a certain strong individuality, as distinguished from radiance, of colour. They stand in a luxuriant bed or brake of roses intermingled with carnations—these latter distinguished by the masses of their grey-green leaves, busily engaged in lighting huge parti-coloured Chinese lanterns, which shed upon their faces, and upon the closely adjacent flowers, a glowing but not far-penetrating light. Above and around them are huge stalks of white arum-lilies drawn with singular boldness in half decorative style, and these are backed above by the crude positive green of what appears to be a dimly-seen lawn. It will be perceived that the painter has chosen to present the charming human figures which are one of the chief elements of his picture on equal terms with the glowing lanterns and the luxuriant flowers with which they form, as it were, an inextricable tangle; and this conception, which has a charm of its own, necessitates a complicated presentment of distinct and even rival phenomena of light and colour, all striking the gazer simultaneously and with equal force, with the result that the first visual impression lacks unity, and the work does not in that respect attain complete success. The artist has not however, exclusively aimed at the achievement of the visual impression, and is evidently so deeply impressed with the delicate suggestiveness of his subject that he has not chosen to sacrifice it, even to attain a complete triumph over a singular accumulation of technical difficulties. So lovely and so consummately drawn and modelled are these girl-flowers that there is room for regret that they should not more completely dominate the other elements of the picture; for nowhere has Mr. Sargent evinced so genuine a sympathy for beauty and grace,

as distinct from, or rather as added to, life and physical individuality. But then the picture would have been other than it is, and the self-set problems altogether different. The element of eccentricity, the evident striving to receive and give back an impression, both mental and visual, which should be one of absolute novelty, are not to be denied; but the genuine originality and charm of the work and its exquisite technical qualities are equally unquestionable, and, such as it is, it would be hard to point to any other painter who could have achieved it.

Mr. Boughton has rarely, of late years, been more happily inspired or more completely successful than in his charming "Dancing down the Hay—Orkneys" (64)—a quaint scene half-enveloped in a luminous, delicate haze, through which is perceived a group of hay-makers, male and female, mounted on a huge, horizontal mass of hay, on which they gaily trample with a rhythmical movement. The foreground is one of bright pale-green grass, upon which moves busily a group of fowls, the far distance being closed by a dimly-seen vista of coast and sea. Open to objection are, perhaps, the almost unvarying horizontal lines upon which the picture is built, and the too vivid and opaque, if locally true, green of the foreground, somewhat injuring the effects of the beautiful silvery tones of the hay. But, on the other hand, these delicate gradations of the middle and far distance are realised with a subtle skill, and with an avoidance of monotony in a low key of colour, which are rare in English art; above all, the unobtrusive scene is a real one, expressed with much spontaneity, and with genuine sympathy for its refined charm. For these very reasons it may, perhaps, at first fail to meet with the full measure of appreciation which it deserves.

It is impossible to admire Mr. Briton Riviere's "An Old-World Wanderer" (76), though the conceit which has suggested the picture is a quaint and happy one. An antique Greek wanderer has penetrated to an unknown rocky coast or island, and stands gazing in wonderment at the huge mass of sea-gulls and other aquatic birds which in happy security possess its shores. There is, however, in the central figure such an emptiness and conventionality that the chief element of interest and contrast is at once eliminated; and even in the painter's peculiar province—the delineation of the animal world—he is far less animated and less successful than in his wont. Better is a smaller canvas, "Jilted," in which is seen a youthful squire, apparently fresh from the hunting-field, who in mingled grief and anger crushes in his hand a letter containing the bad news indicated by the title of the picture, while a somewhat over-sympathetic terrier gazes anxiously up at him. If we look upon Mr. W. C. Horsley's "Great Britain in Egypt—1886" (1047) primarily as a picture, we can derive but little satisfaction from its harsh execution and unharmonised colour; but, on the other hand, as an illustration it is full of subtle humour. The mingled resolution and natural timidity of a Highlander and an ultra-British linesman, who have ventured into an oriental café, are most happily contrasted with the *morque* of two genuine Arabs, of whom the elder gazes at them in astonishment, the younger with undisguised jealousy and scorn. Mr. Frederic Bridgman supplies, in his oriental scene, "Horse Market—Cairo," a very carefully and ably executed piece, wanting, however, both in real animation and in originality: its execution shows reminiscences of M. Gérôme on the one hand, and on the other traces of an imitation both of Fromentin and M. Pasini.

There may be mentioned here, though, perhaps, somewhat out of its natural place,

Mr. Albert Moore's daring and ambitious piece of decoration, "Midsummer," in which three Anglo-Greek damsels, clad in voluminous draperies of the most brilliant orange, are placed against a background of the most uncompromising slate, the one occupying the centre of the composition being seated on a splendid silver throne, and the hues of the decoration being further brought together by paler yellow garlands of flowers, by yellowish-green fans, and other kindred accessories, such as the painter affects. It is possible that, were the work seen under other conditions, its decorative effect might be different and more agreeable; as it is, notwithstanding the many subtleties with the aid of which the painter has sought to harmonise his main masses of colour, the vast, almost uninterrupted, expanse of orange-draperies, is—seeing the proportion it bears to the rest of the picture—in far too stringent contrast with the flat opaque slate tints which are the foundation of the combination, and this effect is insufficiently corrected by the sparkling silver-grey tones of the central throne, or by the numerous gradations of yellow and green included in the scheme. None the less is the work a laudable and skilful effort in a direction in which the painter has few rivals or followers. Mr. Frank Dicksee's idealised portrait "Hesperia" (420) may also take its place here, for it partakes to a great extent of the nature of a decoration. A beautiful woman of heroic life-size stands fronting the spectator, robed in splendid Venetian brocade of varying shades of crimson, and holding in her hand a branch bearing the golden fruit which has suggested the name of the picture. The work, like most of the young painter's productions, shows unerring skill of draughtsmanship and the most strenuous effort to attain brilliancy and charm of colour. If it is not the work of a born colourist, and lacks to some extent strength, vibration, and real decorative effect, it attains a fair measure of richness and harmony, and thus far justifies its existence; but if we look beyond, we are struck by a pervading emptiness and lack of real sincerity of feeling or purpose, such as have been of late in far too great a measure the characteristics of the artist, seeing that his aspirations lead him to attempt invariably those very branches of his art in which real virility and ideality of conception are indispensable qualities.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PIETER CLASSE AT THE DULWICH GALLERY.

London: May 2, 1887.

The addition in 1884 of the Cartwright collection to the Dulwich Gallery hardly received from the Press the attention it deserved. Chiefly important in connexion with the history of the stage in our own country, there are still a few pictures which may be considered, on their merits, as works of art.

Some years ago, Prof. Colvin (*vide ACADEMY*, October 13, 1882) directed attention to the then recent identification of the initials P.C. as those of Pieter Clazse, a painter of still life, and the father of Nicolaas Berchem. I venture to think that I may add one to the short list of his ascertained works.

No. 125 in the catalogue of the "Cartwright Collection" is described thus—"A herring and a loaf on a dish, a knife lying across the dish, and a Rhenish beer jug with a cover." On panel 1ft. 2½in. by 11½in. These simple viands, it should be said, lie upon a plain uncovered table, which is only partially disclosed, and is placed corner-wise upon the canvas.

I believe that a guess which attributes this small picture to Pieter Clazse will be found at

least to be reasonable. In composition, in subject, and in manner of painting, it is wonderfully like the brilliant example at Rotterdam, and is perfectly described in the words of Wilhelm Bode (*Studien zur Geschichte der Holländischen Malerei*, p. 235)

"Meist zeigen sie uns einen Tisch auf dem ein frug-les Frühstück: Brod, eine Schnitte Butter, ein Häring, einigen Oliven, eine Stange Braunbier, ein Zinnkrug, eine Thonpfeife und dergleichen angerichtet sind."

Possibly a closer examination might disclose upon the Dulwich picture the monogram which certainly, in its present situation, is hidden from the ordinary observer. In general character it accords perfectly with what we know of the works of Pieter Clazze. Therefore it is to a question of quality and handling that I would ask the attention of judges more experienced than myself.

ERNEST RADFORD.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The June part of *The Magazine of Art* will contain the first chapter of "Current Art," with illustrations after J. MacWhirter, the Hon. John Collier, Leslie Thomson, and Sir J. D. Linton; "Korean Ware," by Madeline A. Wallace Dunlop; "To Dorking by Coach," by Grant Allen, with illustrations from drawings by J. Fulleylove and J. Charlton; and "Angelica Kauffmann and her Engravers," by E. Barrington Nash.

MR. WALTER CRANE will read a paper before the Society of Arts on Tuesday next, May 24, at 8 p.m., on "The Importance of the Applied Arts and their Relation to Common Life." Prof. Hubert Herkomer will take the chair.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL will have on view next week, at 133 New Bond Street, a series of water-colour drawings by Mr. Walter W. May, made by him last winter in the island of Madeira.

THE London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework will hold its next examination for certificates and diplomas on Saturday, June 18, at 11 p.m., by kind permission of Canon Fleming, at St. Michael's Schools, Ebury Square. Candidates desirous of being examined are requested to communicate without delay to the secretary, 36, Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, N.W.

WE have received a letter from M. Jean Reville (which we are unable to print this week) contradicting the statement in Miss Edwards's article in the *ACADEMY* of last week (p. 351) that the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions* "has inexplicably gone to sleep since December 1884."

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. C. HALLÉ commenced his series of Chamber Music Concerts at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, May 13. The programme commenced with Brahms's new Pianoforte Trio in C minor, which had recently been given for the first time in England at Herr Kwast's recital. The work increases in interest on a second hearing. The opening *allegro* is easy to follow, so far as construction is concerned; but until one has had time to digest the music it is impossible to fathom and feel all its meaning. The two middle movements, on the contrary, are lighter in character, and, without hesitation, may be ranked among the composer's best efforts. The *finale* is, as yet, disappointing. The

performance by M^{me}. Norman-Néruda and Messrs. Hallé and Piatti was all that could be desired. The concert-giver played Schubert's long Sonata in C minor. Were the last movement equal to the other three, the length, like that of the C major Symphony by the same composer, would be a "heavenly" one. The programme concluded with Beethoven's last Quartett in F (Op. 135), magnificently interpreted by M^{me}. Néruda and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. This work was last given at the Popular Concerts in 1881, so that it was somewhat of a novelty. The so-called posthumous quartetts are not heard often enough; and if Mr. Hallé were to give some, if not all, during the season, we feel sure the public would take kindly to them. Mr. E. Lloyd was the vocalist, and his singing of "Adelaide" and some of Dvorák's most charming songs was much appreciated. He had the great advantage of Mr. Hallé as accompanist. From the description of the programme it will be seen that the concert was quite after the style of a "Monday Popular." But one thing was wanting to make the illusion complete—an analytical programme-book. Mr. Hallé must surely have noticed how eagerly they are studied by the frequenters of Mr. Chappell's concerts.

On Saturday afternoon M^{me}. Norman-Néruda gave the first of two orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall. A Symphony in D minor by Haydn, played for the first time in London, formed an interesting feature of the programme. It is a delightful work, and was beautifully played under the conductorship of Mr. Hallé. The symphony is marked in the thematic catalogue in the second volume of C. F. Pohl's *Life of Haydn* as No. 49. By the way, the recent death of Haydn's biographer is much to be regretted, for the work on which he had been engaged for many years is probably unfinished. M^{me}. Néruda gave a magnificent performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. No one, Herr Joachim excepted, could do it equal justice. The programme included two of Dvorák's "Legendes" for orchestra, Berlioz's "Faust" March, and violin solos by Mozart and Bach.

The London Saturday Evening Concerts commenced last week at St. James's Hall. There was a good programme, excellent artists, but a small audience. M^{me}. Valleria, Mr. Santley and Mr. H. Guy, were the vocalists; Miss Zimmermann and Messrs. Papini and Bottesini, the instrumentalists. All the artists met with an enthusiastic reception. Mr. W. Houston Collisson was an excellent conductor. The director of this series—three, we believe—of concerts is not named. He ought not to be disappointed at the result of the first evening, because the public wait to hear whether a thing is good or not. So far as artists are concerned the scheme is good; but in the matter of programme, we think, they might be easily made a little stronger.

Herr Dvorák's "Symphonic Variations" were given at the third Richter Concert last Monday evening. This work was written nearly ten years ago, but hitherto had not been heard in England. The theme has a decidedly national character, and the variations, twenty-four in number, are thoroughly clever and interesting. The first thirteen are in 2-4 time and, like the theme, in C major. The modulations afterwards from D to B flat minor, G flat, and D remind us of the order chosen by Beethoven in his Op. 35. The *Finale* is a fugato movement, and forms an effective conclusion. The interest throughout is well sustained, though the thirteen variations at the beginning strike the ear as somewhat monotonous. The theme is not totally hidden, as in some modern variations. In this respect Dvorák follows Beethoven and Schubert, so that the constant iteration of the theme in one key may perhaps account for that feeling. The work was admirably

performed under Herr Richter's direction. The programme included Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas," Wagner's prelude and closing scene from "Tristan," and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.

The Bach Choir gave its third concert at St. James's Hall last Tuesday evening. Dr. C. H. H. Parry's setting of Milton's fine ode, "At a Solemn Music," was performed for the first time. The music is in eight parts, and contains some of Dr. Parry's most skilful and, at the same time, clearest writing. There are some very impressive passages, though we confess that we were somewhat disappointed with the close. It is by no means bad, but does not rise to the height of the argument. The performance was excellent; and at the close the composer was called to the platform. Berlioz's famous "Te Deum" for three choirs, orchestra, and organ, given two years ago at the Crystal Palace, formed the second part of the programme. It is an exceedingly interesting and clever work; but the second movement, "Tibi Omnes," and the famous "Judex crederis," seem to us the finest portions. The latter movement is most weird and original; and one of its chief features is the fine orchestration. The performance of the work was not all that could be desired. In the earlier numbers the voices were flat; but the singers made up for all defects in the "Judex," which was given with great effect. It demands, however, a greater number of voices. Mr. Lloyd sang the tenor solo, and he was in excellent voice. The three choirs, to produce the effect intended by Berlioz, ought to be arranged so that the organ and choir of boys are at one end of the building and the two choirs and orchestra at the other end. But this is not possible at St. James's Hall. The performance of the "Marche pour la présentation des drapeaux" after the "Judex" is an anti-climax. The concert was conducted by Dr. Stanford. The programme included Bach's Suite for Orchestra in D, and a tenor solo and chorus from Bach's "Matthew" Passion.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MR. GORING THOMAS's opera of "Esmeralda" was given in England for the hundredth time last Wednesday evening at Drury Lane. The work well deserves its popularity, for, whatever its weak points, it has an interesting plot; and the music, if not strong, is natural, and shows no straining after originality. It is unnecessary to speak of Miss Georgina Burns in the title rôle, of Mr. Barton McGuckin as Phoebus, or of the Quasimodo of Mr. Leslie Crotty. Mr. J. Sauvage took the part of Frolo; but he was evidently indisposed, and it would be unfair to criticise his singing. His acting was good. Chorus and band were excellent. Mr. Goossens conducted. There was a good house.

MISS ETHEL and Master Harold Bauer gave a concert at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, last Saturday afternoon. The boy is unquestionably talented. He played difficult violin solos, led Schumann's Quartett for strings in A minor, and Rheinberger's Pianoforte Quartett in E flat, and played besides a pianoforte solo. He is quite young, and ought to have a bright future before him. The young lady has talent, but of less marked a character. Public performances at so young an age have their advantages, but also their dangers.

MR. C. WADE gave his third and last concert at the Grosvenor Gallery on Wednesday evening. Messrs. Schönberger, Hollaender and Hegyesi were again the instrumentalists. There was a good attendance, and the performances were well applauded. Miss L. Lehmann's songs were changed, but the change was scarcely an improvement.